A PERFECT BOON—THE "JOHN BULL" PEN. *See Coupon, page 15.*

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXII. No. 590. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1917. ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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For meaning of this number see p. iii of cover.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

SOME-WHERE IN— HELL

BY HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

EXCELDA HANDKERCHIEFS

X SOLD EVERYWHERE.

C OST LITTLE.

E XCELDA LABEL ON EVERY HANDKERCHIEF.

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ENORMOUS REDUCTIONS

COME to the Midland Salons to-day in time to secure the first choice of the wonderful Furniture Bargains we are offering. Three vast stocks of magnificent Furniture have been purchased by the Midland Furnishing Co., Ltd., for cash. As it is impossible to store them, we have decided on a sensational all-round reduction of prices, in many cases by as much as 50%. Thus you will be able to

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Come to the Sale to-day—we will pay return fares for all who purchase £20 worth and upwards, as no Sale Catalogues can be issued owing to the Paper Shortage.

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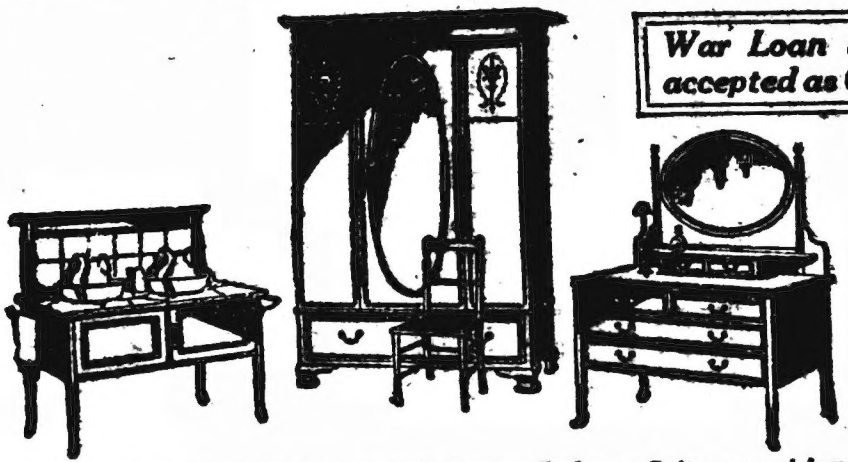

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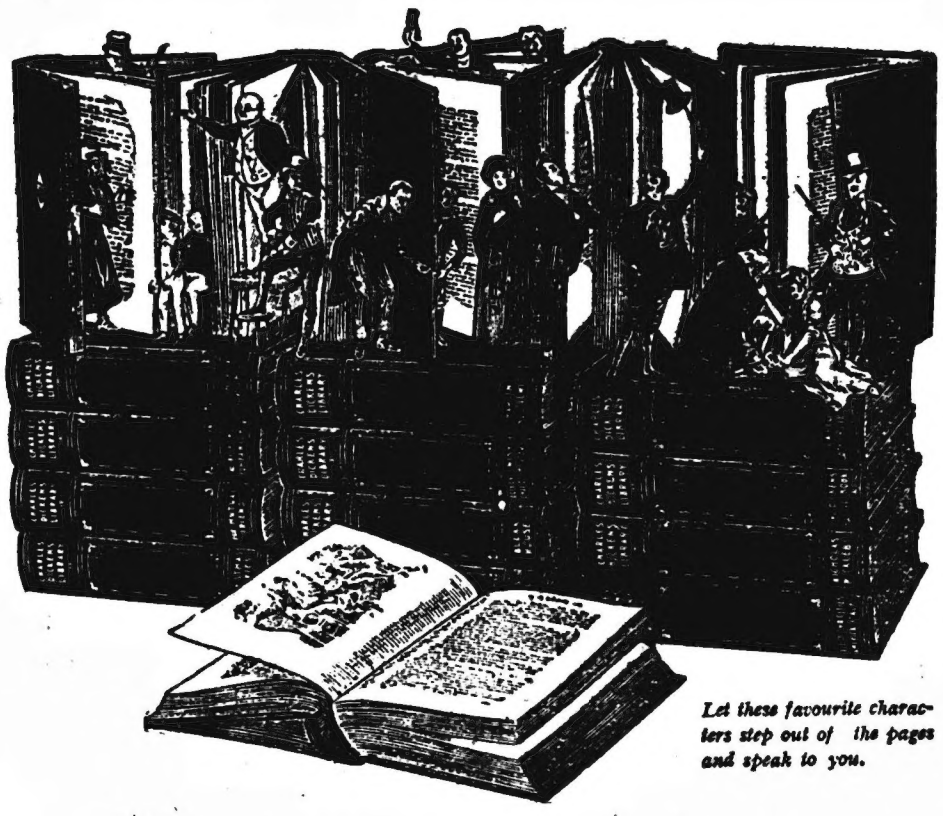
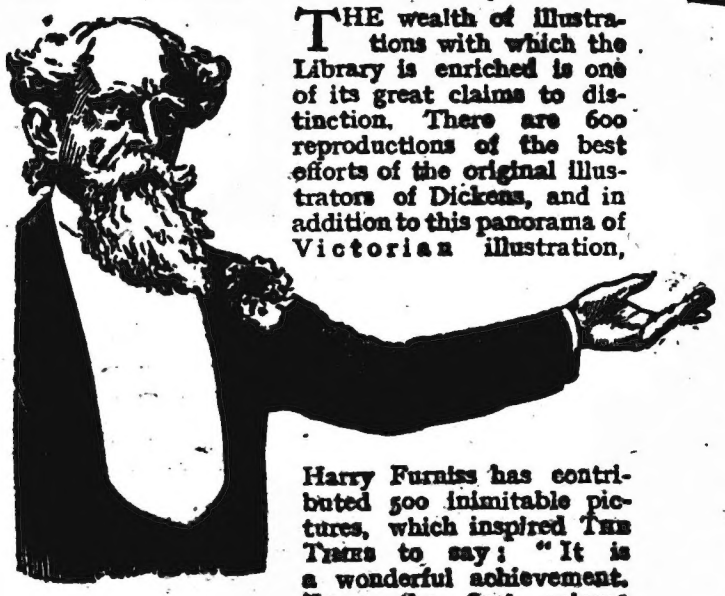


Let these favourite characters step out of the pages and speak to you.



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THE CLUB MEMBERS INTERVIEWED.

No. 1.—The Captain (Mesopotamia).

"'Somewheres East o' Suez, where the best is like the worst'—ay, but Kipling wasn't thinking of a man's smokes when he wrote that! Give me a mess well stocked with 'Army Clubs,' and I'll grizzle here without a grunt till further orders. Tell you what, ——, you could trace our mess from Busrah to Bagdad by the stubs of 'Army Clubs' along the fleasome, flysome, *and* mosquitosome banks of Tigris. And I don't care *who* knows."

"CAVANDER'S Army Club" CIGARETTES.

Sold by the leading Tobacconists, and in all the Canteens at home and abroad.

20 for **11d.**, **50** for **2/3**, **100** for **4/6**

See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page 16.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XXII. No. 590. Week ending Saturday, September 22nd, 1917. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER*."

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

"Somewhere In Hell."

Under this title we give, on another page, some of our experiences at the Front. For three years we have *talked* of the war—now we have *seen* it.

Winston at the Front.

Whilst we were at Headquarters, the message came through that Mr. Churchill was on his way. "I hope," said one of the staff, "he isn't coming to cut down munitions." That officer doesn't know Winston.

Our Equine Friends.

Every bloodstock owner whose horses have been "impressed" for the Front will be delighted to learn that, without exception, the animals are in excellent condition. And don't the officers enjoy riding their thoroughbreds!

"Seeing it Through."

The *Labour Leader* (when and whither it leads, not stated) chaffs us for our determination to "*see* the war through." We wish the Editor of that journal—if there be one—could have been with us during the past ten days. Then *he* would have seen something, too.

Nasty!

This from a notice outside an "estaminet"—somewhere in France: "Wines, Spirits, and *Palatable Ales*." That man knows something.

Nice!

And this from another announcement: "Milk, Tea, Chocolate, *and Novelties*." Wonder what it was? Sugar, perhaps.

Details Wanted.

Messrs. Cadbury say that, as against the £2,250 given by them for the assistance of alien enemies and their dependents, they have contributed £34,875 "to British and Allied War Funds." May we ask whether this latter figure includes any contribution to any particular War Fund amounting to £2,250?

Bands for Battalions.

Why on earth can't the Government—which is spending eight millions a day on the war—provide every battalion with a band? During our visit to the Front it was a general complaint that except for "voluntary subscriptions"—usually extracted almost by force—and the dunning of officers, most brigades would have to march to and from the front without any musical stimulant. And what a stimulant a band is!

Monstrous!

The other day a woman was remanded at Marylebone on a charge of obtaining credit by fraud, and, according to the newspaper report, "Detective Sergeant Gray told the Magistrate there was no doubt she had been committing frauds all over the country." Detective Sergeant Gray had better consult his "Manual" on the duties of police officers towards accused prisoners before conviction.

"Boanerges-Bottomley."

This is our latest title, conferred upon us by the *Bystander*—which also describes us as "a Holy Prophet." Our contemporary must look up its history.

Our "Great Thoughts."

Verily we are getting on! Messrs. Holden and Hardingham have now published "Great Thoughts of Horatio Bottomley," in a shilling volume, which they tell us is "going very strong." We had no idea, before seeing the book, that we had thought so much.

Those Salutes!

It appears that it is the Army Council itself, and not General Sir Francis Lloyd, who issued the ridiculous Order relating to wounded Tommies and the salute. Who is the inspired genius of Whitehall responsible for this nonsense?

Butters and Parsnips.

Our ex-hon. friend, Mr. Neilson, M.P. for Hyde, and whose real name is Butters, appears to have oiled his parsnips pretty well by his recent marriage to the American heiress—his second "Butterfly on the Wheel"!

"Another Transport Tragedy."

Since the publication of our recent article under this heading, further information has come into our possession—leaving no doubt that we understated the gravity of the case. What is being done?

"The Battle of Dorking."

Do you remember this wonderful little book—reprinted in 1871 from *Blackwood's Magazine*, and consisting of the story of the imaginary conquest of Britain? Here is an extract from its closing chapter: "Politics had become a mere bidding for votes; those who should have led the nation stooped rather to pander to the selfishness of the day . . . and denounced those who would secure the defence of the nation by enforced arming of its manhood, as interfering with the liberties of the people. . . . When I reflect how a little firmness and foresight might have averted the disaster"! That was fifty years ago!

Be prepared for Air Raids by signing our Free Insurance Coupon on page iii of Cover.

Half-Mast.

Service men at Chatham were grieved because the Union Jack floating over the Naval Barracks was not lowered to half-mast when the sailor-victims of the air-raid were buried. Strange that so eloquent a symbol of mourning should have been omitted.

The Visit as Arranged.

A munitioner at Gateshead says that the Military Representative paid a visit to the factory the other day, and "everything was in full swing. Those who had anything to do were busy, and those who hadn't were not in evidence." If he would visit the same premises without giving notice, he is promised a sight of things that would make him weep.

Compulsory Prison.

When a young girl was charged at Tottenham with wandering, the missionary offered to put her into a home, but startled the Court by saying she could not be admitted unless she had been in prison first. The Magistrate was actually obliged to send her to Holloway Gaol for a week. It is a terrible rule that insists on the prison taint for a young girl; the sooner the Home alters its admission terms, the better for everybody.

"Rum 'Uns."

These conscientious teejawtalers do make us laugh at times. Here, for instance, is the Grand Lodge Executive of the Good Templar Order passing a resolution against "the physical and moral deterioration produced by the indiscriminate distribution of large doses of rum" served out at the Front. As a Tommy in France puts it to us, "the only complaint ever heard about the rum ration is that you can scarcely see it."

The B.E.O.

The new British Empire Order has caused considerable discussion, and the first awards have not pleased many people beyond the recipients. A biting criticism comes from the Army, for soldiers are astonished that this new Order should be given precedence over the Distinguished Service Order. Is it more meritorious for a manufacturer to win a medal by making munitions than for a soldier to win one, at the peril of life, on the field of battle?

Frau Schnowdenstein.

As long as the Government allows Herr Philip Schnowdenstein, M.P., to roam at large, we suppose it is hopeless to expect that the activities of Frau Schnowdenstein will be officially interfered with. When, therefore, the lady tried to lecture at Bradford the other day on the unenthusing topic of extending the hand of friendship to Germhuny there was a public shindy to some tune, and this in a town where Germhuns are probably more highly appreciated than any other in England. Frau Schnowdenstein ought really to be suppressed for her own protection; otherwise, she will one of these days lose some of her hairpins.

Dogs in the Manger.

At Sidcup there is a Home for the skilful treatment of our disfigured Tommies; it is hoped to improve their appearance. About a mile from the Home is a pretty village, to which the patients used to stroll. It is scarcely believable that some of the inhabitants, instead of welcoming the men to their beautiful surroundings—which would surely help a cure—have objected to these heroes because they do not look pretty, and they are now confined to their own grounds. One says, "We are human, and feel this very keenly. Those vipers, for whom we have sacrificed so much——!" The mean souls living in that beauty spot deserve worse than we care to print. The brutes!

"Pompey's" Trams.

Just a line to the Portsmouth Corporation in the matter of its trams. There are many sick and wounded Tommies in the various hospitals in the town. Some are a long way from the sea-front, and when they get out, weak and ailing, they are compelled to tram it. Now they haven't much money, and fourpence a day for tram fares is a big item. Perhaps Portsmouth will consider this?

An Ex-Queen.

The German-born lady who married the ex-King of Portugal, acts sometimes as a nurse at the Hammersmith Military Hospital. It is a spot where military matters are much debated by our boys, and it is not right that a German-born person should be in a position to hear the things that are said. There are plenty of German wounded at Fulham. Could not the ex-Queen be invited to transfer her attentions to her own folk?

Oh, Those Lawyers!

There was a vacancy for a Judge on the Scottish Bench; salary, £3,600 per annum. On July 20th the Court of Session rose for the Autumn Vacation. On July 21st a gentleman was appointed to the judgeship of that Court. He cannot sit until the Winter Session begins, on Oct. 15th. But he gets his salary from the date of appointment—between £800 and £900, for doing nothing. If his appointment had been delayed till October, £800 would not have found its way into a lawyer's pocket. Perhaps that is why it was not delayed.

Got Hold Of.

The Parish Magazine of St. Mark, Woodhouse, Leeds, contains a reference to parcels sent by that Church to some of its members in the Army and Navy. A soldier wrote: "It was a pleasant surprise to receive one from such a quarter." And the Vicar's comment is: "I hope JOHN BULL won't get hold of this, for it would only bear one meaning to him." Having "got hold of it," the meaning we read into it is that the Vicar and his helpers have been doing a good work for good men. And we hope he and they will keep at it.

Heroism Unrewarded.

During the worst of gales in January, 1916, a patrol ship was in distress, being driven on top of a mine. Another patrol stood by and tried to float a line to the wreck, but it was ineffectual. Up came a Hull trawler, and launched a boat, manned by Mate Richard Bayes and Bo'sun Thomas Brooks. After a gallant fight with the elements they got all the crew into their boat, including one man dragged from the water, and the ship sank only ten minutes later. The owners of the trawler have received a letter of appreciation, but the heroism of Bayes and Brooks still remains unrewarded. They, of course, ask for nothing. But some of their chums have told us their story.

Monastic Funk Holes.

Why don't the authorities apply their "comb" to the various monastic establishments, which afford shelter to pious young men who have not actually embraced the priestly vocation? For instance, in connection with St. Cuthbert's Preparatory Novitiate, a monkish institution at Liverpool, it is announced in the *Catholic Times* that "Suitable candidates 17 to 30 years of age . . . will be gladly welcomed," while at St. Mary's Hall, Newton Heath, Manchester, "Young men, age from 20 to 30," are "required for the novitiate." It is a strange corollary that the Advisory Committee of the Coalville, Leicestershire, Tribunal should have felt compelled to go on strike owing to the War Office having secured exemption for six monks at the Mount St. Bernard Monastery.

You'll be sure of a regular letter when you've made him a gift of a "John Bull" Pen.

Thieves of the Post.

At the request of her husband, fighting in France, a Nottingham woman sent out to him his razor, strop, shaving-brush, soap, and other things, packed in a tin box. The box was returned to her as her husband had "left," but when she opened it she found the new shining razor had been "exchanged" for an old rusty one, and that most of the other things, including sweets and cigarettes, had been abstracted. Very mean thievery, apparently official.

"Home or Penitentiary?"

It seems to be the regular thing that girls in Homes may only write to their real homes once in three months. The harsh rule is in force at the Red Lodge School, Bristol, and a mother, who lives a hundred miles away and cannot afford the fare on visiting days, puts in a heartfelt plea about her girl. "She is only allowed to write to me once in three months; what an anxious three months! If the patrons of the school only heard from their loved ones once in three months!" Yes, they might relax the rule.

The Overpaid Agent.

This is how an insurance agent grows fat on Government Insurance business: Let us assume that Mr. Brown insures against aircraft risks on the Government plan. The amount insured for is £200. The premium is 2s. The commission allowed to the agent who secures the business is one penny. He remits the premium to office by postal order; the order costs him a penny, the postage another penny, and postage on receipt to client is a halfpenny. So the greedy agent loses 1½d., and is thankful not to be charged for his work.

Beauty Unadorned.

C. Thorn, who has letters taken in for him at a shop in Blythe Road, W. Kensington, seems not a nice person. He advertises, as Fine Art, "beautiful photos of artist's models" at 3s. per dozen. When a correspondent complained of the rubbish sent by Thorn, that individual replied, "If you remit me 10s. I will forward you what you are seeking." And enclosed was his offer of "very special cards, all assorted undraped female figures, full length, in different postures, well formed and artistically developed figures." Our reader did not happen to "seek" the kind of thing in which Thorn professes to deal.

Justice!

At the High Court of Justiciary, Edinburgh, Lord Guthrie lately sat to pronounce sentence upon prisoners who had pleaded guilty to various offences. Evidently, his Lordship was in excellent fettle, for by the end of the morning, he had handed round 16 years' penal servitude among four unhappy culprits, a solicitor charged with embezzling £4,601 receiving precisely the same sentence—3 years' penal servitude—as a poor fellow guilty of "ringing the changes" to the tune of 7s.! It seems that, despite several previous convictions, the last-named offender had for some time borne an excellent character; otherwise, we presume, he might have got a "lifer" for that seven shilling job!

This Picture—and That.

At last! Stockport Guardians have appointed an ex-soldier, wounded, to a post as Registrar and Vaccination Officer. "We are glad to do something to repay you," said the Chairman. And we are glad to be able to assure Stockport of the thanks of all the Army. The other picture is in dreadful contrast. Lampeter agreed to appoint an officer under the Food Control Order, and to give him a "living wage" of £2. Instead of appointing a soldier, they gave the berth to a local lawyer. That was done by the Rural Committee; a few days later the same lawyer was given a similar post with another salary by the Urban Committee. We term it a job of the rankest kind.

Aerial.

As the rumour is constantly about, we should like to have definite information, yea or nay, with regard to it: Is it true that the Government are accepting a certain aeroplane under contract and breaking up the machines on delivery, retaining the engines only?

Among the Mummies.

Is the British Museum still patronised by Huns? We ask because its walls are disfigured by notices in the guttural lingo of the Germans. One of them forbids Huns to give tips to the officials; there should be no opportunity for such parting on the premises, whence all Germans ought to be "verboten." They might corrupt the mummies.

Fourpence a Day.

During a meeting of the Northumberland Veterans' Association in Newcastle it came out that Alex. Nelson, of West Hartlepool, an old Gordon Highlander, "with service in India and China, now past work and totally blind," is in receipt of as much as fourpence a day pension. In these days of national economy it is difficult to realise how the Government are able to spare the money. We suppose they somehow manage it out of War Loan.

"By Appointment to the Huns."

At Scarborough, the Tribunal renewed the exemption of a bootmaker because he is making boots for German prisoners. Our boys, imprisoned in Germany, officers and men alike, have often gone without boots; at the best of times they have but little sole to meet the uppers. If German prisoners here cannot make their own boots, they also should go without. A man might as well be kept out of the Army to wash their dirty faces.

Their New Name.

Some hysterical female creature, shrieking in the *Co-operative News*, lets off steam by referring to "Christ's soldiers—the despised C. O.'s." Well, those things are certainly despised, but to term them soldiers is a grievous error. If they were called upon to enrol in the ranks of the angels for fighting purposes, they would choose Dartmoor. We could say more, but prefer not, blasphemy not being in our line. It comes more trippingly from the tongues of the Objects and their friends.

Lifeboat Provisions.

Goodness knows the Government fosters plenty of officials, but there seems to be no Inspector of Lifeboat Provisions. When a certain ship arrived at New York, two seamen were ordered to clean the lifeboats. They opened a biscuit tin in one of the boats, and were at once set debating the nature of the black, slimy liquid they found in it. They thought it was black treacle, but were horrified to find finally that the stuff was biscuit in the last stages of fermentation. The food store, on which men's lives would depend in case of shipwreck, had not been examined for more than two years!

Land Girls Landed.

Eighteen girls, sent into Worcestershire for hop-picking, were promised "everything found." But they found little. There was for them an empty cottage, straw beds, and damp sheets, blankets, and sacks; one chair, two mugs—for eighteen "mugs"—two basins, one kettle, one saucepan, one broom, and four towels. There was no wash-bowl; for washing, the girls had to go to a cattle pool and kneel down to the water. Fourteen of the hop-pickers "hopped it"; three others were sent back to the Labour Exchange as slackers. They object to the title; in proper conditions they would work well.

Next week's "Bullets"—First Prize £1,000, and over 10,000 other Prizes.

SHALL THE PISTOL PREVAIL?

SOME FRANK REFLECTIONS ON THE MALCOLM CASE.

BY CHARLES PALMER.

IT is always easy and agreeable to swim with the stream, to join voices with the shouters. There is no more irksome and disagreeable duty than to take what, for the moment at any rate, is the unpopular side. Yet, with the cries of jubilation in the New Bailey still ringing in my ears, I cannot honestly make chorus with the "Hurrahs." We can all understand and sympathise with what Lieut. Malcolm did when he shot in cold blood that dirty scoundrel Baumberg, who was carrying on a criminal intrigue with his young wife. But there is something above and beyond the licence of the individual—the law of the land. It is on that that human society has been fashioned. Security for life and property cannot exist without the law. It protects the home; it guards the virtue of our women; it stands sentinel at every door. Without it we cannot police our steps, or find security for our innocent actions. And while I may applaud the sentiment which decreed Lieut. Malcolm guiltless of the murder he undoubtedly committed, I deplore the conspiracy—for it was nothing else—in which officers of the law engaged to secure for the accused an acquittal which on the facts, if honestly faced, could never have been obtained.

A Low, Despicable Scoundrel.

Let me first put the case for Lieut. Malcolm in as warm and sympathetic a light as possible. After that I will state the case for the Law and leave my readers to judge for themselves. Never in all the annals of the criminal courts has there stood forth a whiter man, a purer soul, than Lieut. Malcolm. Within a few days of the outbreak of war he left the wife he adored with that exalted adoration which some men give to women, and went to France to fight in French's "Contemptible Little Army" against the Hun. But there lurked at home a real Hun—a low, despicable scoundrel whom he was afterwards to know as the seducer or would-be seducer of his wife. This creature—known to the police to be a procurer of women for immoral purposes; a mean, loathly scoundrel who swanked in gay restaurants yet slept in mean lodgings and consorted with a suspected female spy; who should have been placed in the safety of internment if our authorities had done their duty—was left to prey upon the innocent, to encompass the ruin of decent women. It is not for any one of us to sit in judgment upon Mrs. Malcolm. The ways of passion are mysterious, the calls of sex are inscrutable. This woman, honoured with the pure devotion of a soldier and a gentleman, was won over by a scoundrel and a *souteneur*. With all the madness of infatuation she followed the lure of her betrayer, with all the blindness of the obsessed she refused to see the danger and turned a deaf ear to the pleadings of her gallant and honourable husband.

If the Police had Acted!

Then came the day when, not for the first time, Lieut. Malcolm determined to take the law into his own hands. He went with whip and revolver to the bedroom of the man he had already thrashed into sickness, and he poured the contents of his automatic pistol into that craven and unclean carcase. In my view, if the police had done their duty and, acting on the information in Scotland Yard's "dossier," had put this man beyond the possibility of doing harm, his blood would not have stained the annals of our criminal law. But it was left to an English officer and a fine, upstanding English gentleman to take the law into his own hands. What was the defence put forward in his behalf—not *his* defence, mark you, for he made none? His statements to the police traversed every plea of his counsel; his absence from the witness-box, which he had a right to enter if he chose, was significant alike of his honour and his honesty. It was urged that he shot Baumberg in self-defence. Not a tittle of evidence supported that contention. It was the Coroner who—in my view, going wholly beyond his duties—first put forward that preposterous theory and secured the preposterous verdict of Justifiable Homicide. And here let me say that the prime duty of a Coroner is, after all, to ascertain the cause of death—certainly not to discover a loop-hole of escape for an accused man. It was stated that in a half-open drawer in the scoundrel's bedroom there was a pistol lying untouched in its case. Yet on this flimsy ground was it suggested that the gallant officer, in self-defence, had lodged four fatal bullets in Baumberg at close range, while he was still on his bed!

The Thrashing at Milton.

If Malcolm, when he hurried down to Milton to the cottage of "Bunny," only to find his wife in the dirty scoundrel's bedroom, had then and there shot him, the deed would have worn an entirely different complexion. He found Baumberg in his underclothing; his wife in her dressing-gown. Would not the most pure-minded man be justified in thinking the worst? But on that occasion he gave him only a richly deserved thrashing! He believed his wife's honour remained in a physical sense unstained, and, mark you, in spite of her own confession at the inquest, he maintained up to the time of Baumberg's death that she had not fallen victim to the *souteneur*. To Malcolm all praise and credit for his splendid faith. But why, then, did he kill the man? Because he was a scoundrel, because he was a rotter who sought the ruin of his pure wife? Surely that is not sufficient justification for killing at sight. Sir John Simon, in his specious plea for the unhappy accused, scorned to urge the Unwritten Law. He did well as one who has held the high office of Attorney-General, and who in all human probability is destined to fulfil yet higher offices in the Judiciary, not to put forward so dangerous a negation of the law, and attempt to undermine the edifice on which human society is based in freedom and security.

Getting Behind the Law.

But Sir John, while salving his legal conscience, played the gambling advocate—he trumped up a plea of self-defence which made a mockery of the facts and derided the process of the Courts. If he had argued that Baumberg was a white-livered scoundrel, and that Malcolm had rendered a service to Society in ridding us of his loathly presence, it would certainly have been much more honest. But what we witnessed was a deliberate and dangerous conspiracy to get behind the law; to pretend that killing was no murder, to pander to the natural excitement and sympathy of the crowd in defiance of all the laws of evidence and all the safeguards of Justice. We are living in strange and dangerous times, and to justify and applaud the doing to death of *any* man because a woman is suspected of faithlessness to her vows, is to open the flood-gates of licence and to risk the security of human society. A woman is not the property of her husband. Her honour is in her own keeping; she is mistress of her own destiny! Remember this: the sad, unhappy experience of Lieut. Malcolm may be multiplied a hundred times when the social history of the last three years comes under the microscope of suspicious love. Is indiscriminate shooting and promiscuous murder to be one of the many deplorable legacies of this deplorable war?

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To Viscount French, Commander-in-Chief, Home Forces.

DEAR LORD FRENCH,—With feelings of disgust, I have once more been reading of the fulsome "honours" paid to dead German airmen who have lost their lives in murderous raids upon our shores. Such chivalrous compliments are all very well in the case of enemies who have met their deaths in fair and open fighting, but I cannot for the life of me conceive why baby-killers and woman-slayers should be sent to their graves with "khaki guards of honour" or "escorted by airmen and soldiers with a firing party." The result of these revolting mummeries must surely be to persuade the Huns that we are much bigger fools than we are. Stop it, do.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. A. Bonar Law, M.P.

DEAR MR. LAW,—Recently, at a luncheon given to some American notables, you said: "The Germans in everything pertaining to military art had been past-masters," and then you eulogised their *personal courage*. I put the last words in italics to impress them upon you. Every cobbler to his last—what you don't know about war would make a library. The German military blunders have been the salvation of the world. They blundered egregiously in front of Liege at the beginning of the war, and gave France and Britain breathing time to get ready for them. They blundered as no people ever blundered when they had Paris at their mercy and turned away to the Marne. At that battle they did nothing else but blunder. As for their personal courage, God help you if the German standard is your ideal!

JOHN BULL.

To Lieut. A. G. Toplis, Portland.

DEAR LIEUTENANT,—The Magistrates appear to have taken a lenient view of the circumstances in which you were recently charged, at the instance of the N.S.P.C.C., with an assault upon a little girl of eight. What you had done, it seems, was to take the child to your hut, close the door, stop up the keyhole, and there take her photograph in a perfectly nude condition. It is not for me to suggest that in this extraordinary behaviour you were animated by any other motive than the "artistic impulse" you are understood to possess; but, in your own interest, I am bound to warn you that to strip a child naked, without leave or licence from its parents, is an act liable to be sadly misunderstood. Indeed, a second escapade of the kind may cost you far more than ten shillings.

JOHN BULL.

To H. J. Percy, Esq., Solicitor, Alnwick.

DEAR SIR,—I recently had the opportunity of tendering you my respectful sympathy on the occasion of a sad accident to your nice kid gloves, and it is therefore with some satisfaction that I hear of your later good fortune. It seems that an appeal by the Army authorities against the decision of the Alnwick Urban Tribunal, granting you exemption from military service—the proceedings being, at your request, heard "strictly *in camera*," even the Press being excluded—has been dismissed by the Berwick Appeal Tribunal, so that there is no longer any risk of your having to exchange the "dusty" comfort of Alnwick for the rigour of the campaign abroad. For really, you know, that little affair of the greasy door-handle—in which you showed such vindictiveness towards some youngsters—though it made you very cross at the time, would be nothing compared with the mess you might get into wading through Flanders mud.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. R. E. Prothero, M.P., Minister of Agriculture.

DEAR AGRICOLA,—I have a letter which suggests a serious state of things in one of the districts of North Wales. My information, derived from a member of the A.S.C. stationed in Denbighshire, is that "it is pitiful to see the sheep going about eaten alive by maggots, and the carcasses lying about for carrion fowl to eat, and the lambs being allowed to roam with their parents until full grown." What are you going to do about it?

JOHN BULL.

To His Grace the Archbishop of York.

MY LORD,—As the St. Anne's Convalescent Home for Soldiers at Bridlington is carried on under the auspices of the Church of England, I naturally assume you will have a more or less official connection with the Executive. For this reason I write to you to express my astonishment that those responsible for the active management of the Home should have sent to bed thirty soldier patients because they refused to attend a compulsory evening service, as well as a compulsory morning one, every day. It is true that those who enter such Homes are supposed to know the rules under which they are admitted. It is, however, difficult to understand what is gained by the men, or for the institution, by compelling them to unwilling, and therefore to insincere and impious, religious duties; to pack them off to bed as the penalty for disobedience suggests the spectacle of an irate nurse dealing in the last resort with naughty children. With the services voluntary the congregation might at times be smaller, but there would certainly be more reality in the devotion. I wonder what your Grace can do, in case of your agreement with me, to put these considerations before the Managing Committee of the Home?

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Lord Bertie of Thame, His Britannic Majesty's Ambassador, Paris.

MY LORD,—I have been in France lately, trying to learn something, on the spot, about the war—from both the military and the political aspect. And I want to give you a hint. It is that—having long ago passed the recognised age limit, and being an old man—you should make room for a younger and more vigorous successor. It is generally felt that this step would be not altogether unacceptable to the French Government, and that, incidentally, it would in no way retard the successful prosecution of the war. See?

JOHN BULL.

To Major-General R. Pringle, Director-General, Army Veterinary Service.

DEAR GENERAL,—"A word in season, how good it is." Have you satisfied yourself that all suitable arrangements have been made to protect Army horses this winter? Last winter, as in the winter previous—as I showed at the time—they were shockingly neglected in many camps, and there were a considerable number of losses which, in civil conditions, I am persuaded would have had to be investigated in the police courts as charges of cruelty. The horses I have in mind were exposed to all weathers, hobbled and tethered, with no means in some camps of lying down, and in such cases the poor beasts were on their legs through rain and blizzard for weeks on end. You will recall the many complaints I received and the public indignation on the matter. In the inevitably bitter weather of the coming winter, I hope to hear that all means have been employed to get the horses into shelter.

JOHN BULL.

To Lieut.-Colonel H. M. A. Warde, Chief Constable of Kent.

DEAR COLONEL,—Don't you realise what an unfair and farcical thing it was to prosecute John Leaver, the village postmaster of East Farleigh, for selling bread and potatoes to the tired and hungry hop-pickers on Sunday? From ten at night until five in the morning the trains brought down these invaluable workers. They begged Leaver to serve them; they pleaded they had nothing to eat, and yet because he listened to their pleadings (his is the only shop in East Farleigh) you once more brought out that absurd, discredited and musty Sunday Closing Act and charged him with doing "certain worldly labour, the same not being a work of necessity and charity." The truth was, it was both, and certainly more necessary to feed the hungry than to open the Post Office on Sunday, which Leaver is compelled to do not once, but fifty-two Sundays in the year. All credit to the Bench for dismissing the case. But that does not absolve you from being party to a prosecution both petty and tyrannous. You have, deservedly, been well snubbed.

JOHN BULL.

DRIVEN TO DEATH.

YOUNG GIRL TERRORISED TO SUICIDE BY THREAT OF PROSECUTION.

There are, fortunately, few instances even in these callous days of such a pitiable throwing away of a young and hopeful life as that of Rhoda Elizabeth Wilcox, recently employed by Frank Morgan, wholesale grocer, of Vicarage Place, Walsall. The poor victim was but a child of 15; she was terrorised into taking her own life. It is not necessary to add any embroidery to the evidence given in the Coroner's Court to accentuate the poignant features of the story. Morgan employed the child at the "starvation wage," as the jury described it, of 7s. a week. For what purpose? To take a baby out in a perambulator? No, to act as clerk in this sweater's stores and on occasion to suffer the temptation of considerable sums of money passing through her hands. Some day, when Justice really comes into her own, it will be made a punishable offence to pay such a wage as makes it difficult for honesty to stand up against parsimony—and the sooner that day comes the better. It is the tempter who should stand in the dock, not the unhappy person who succumbs to the temptation. This miserly grocer tried to parry the truth and fence with the verities. But he could not dodge the facts. Poor Rhoda was a joy to her mother—"she was not a bit of trouble, she was such a good girl"; and the pride of her Sunday school teacher—she was "a splendid girl." And even Morgan, who treated her so scurvily had to admit that she was "regular, industrious, respectful, willing and truthful." Yet all this availed nothing against her sudden fall from right. She confessed to yielding to temptation and taking on one occasion a sovereign, and on another 10s.; yet, because she indignantly denied a further charge in which £1 was involved and would not own up to something of which she was innocent, her cruel and callous employer gave her into custody—"to make an example of her." Age 15, 7s. a week to act as cashier, and then threats and the lock-up, ending in terror and the cold waters of the canal! Think of it. No wonder the mean grocer wriggled and fenced before the Coroner's Court. He pretended that he sent for the police merely to ensure that she should be "publicly reprimanded." But he had to confess that the £1 (the stealing of which she refused to admit) was found after she had been given into custody. When taxed with paying the unhappy girl starvation wages, this upholder of the public virtues—this proud maintainer of the morals of sweated cashiers—dared to make the impudent answer that his store "was not a munition factory." Let us give the grocer full credit for admitting that "we don't see the consequences of everything we do till afterwards" but his "I am sorry the thing has happened" is on a par with his conduct throughout the matter. "The thing" is, the sacrifice of a precious young life, the death by her own hand of a child put to duties which certainly had the effect of enhancing temptation. So terrorised was she by her employer's action that suicide seemed the only escape. The prosecution and the prison cell combined unhinged the child's mind—a mind as free from guile as her employer's was of generosity. Frank Morgan, said the Coroner, was neither "civilly nor criminally" responsible for her death. No, but the verdict of the Jury should haunt his mind so long as he lives. Poor Rhoda—"not a bit of trouble"; "a splendid girl"—"drowned herself, whilst of unsound mind, before she would be brought into shame and disgrace." Let that be her epitaph. "One more Unfortunate, Weary of breath, Rashly Importunate, Gone to her death"!

THE SOLDIER OF THE SOMME.

"A DAMNABLE METHOD OF TREATING MAIMED MEN."

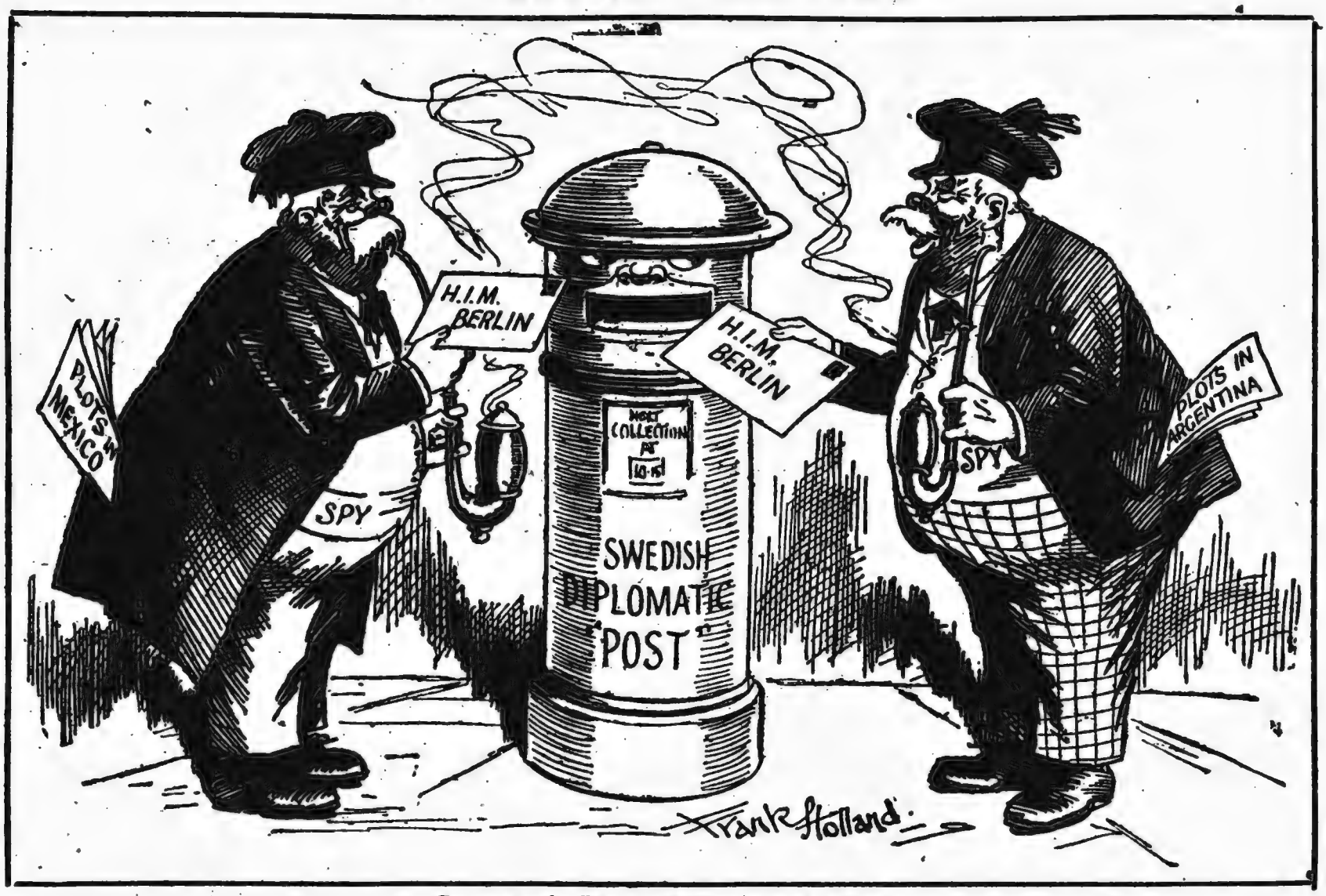
Having been wounded on the Somme and lost a leg, Lance-Corporal A. Fitzpatrick, 2nd Border Regiment, now living at 118, Wetherall Street North, Cheetham Hill, Manchester, had four months' training in the Pavilion Hospital Workshops, Brighton, and then went to Roehampton as a wood worker. Leaving Roehampton with an artificial leg, he had two letters in his possession, one to the local War Pensions Committee, and one to the Regent Street Polytechnic. He found, however, that at the Polytechnic the workshop no longer existed, "and there was no room for me in any of the schools up and down the country; they had written to a good many places to find room." It was arranged that an improver's job should be found for him just outside London, and he returned home meanwhile. Fitzpatrick would be awaiting those arrangements yet if he had not "got work after a while as a joiner," through a Manchester Labour Bureau. He finished this job in six weeks, and then reported to Whitworth Street Hospital to have his artificial leg refitted, as the natural stump had shrunk. He was told that his case would be reported to Roehampton, and he would hear from that quarter. He waited more than two months without avail; then he reported at Whitworth Street Hospital again. There they told him he "should have gone and been back by that time." At the date of his statement, he was still waiting to be called to Roehampton, and in the meantime had to "hang on" to his munificent pension of 12s. 6d. a week and support himself on crutches. "The Soldiers' and Sailors' Association in Manchester," he concludes, "have provided me with a set of tools, and I get National Insurance benefit which will end with this month, when no doubt I shall still be waiting for something to turn up unless I tie my useless artificial leg on my back and make for London on crutches." In forwarding Fitzgerald's statement to us an officer asks, "Can you do anything (*a*) to stop this damnable method of treating maimed men, and (*b*) to get him work? He was in France from November, 1914, until wounded in the Somme offensive in July, 1916. I imagine his is not the only case of this kind of mistreatment." Probably it is not, by many a one, but that fact does not make it less a pity or less a shame.

QUEER CASE OF MR. CHARLES DINE.

A WINK AND A NOD ENOUGH FOR A MILITARY TRIBUNAL.

Mr. Chas. Dine, age 27, classified "A," has the good fortune to be Clerk to the Dorchester and Portland Magistrates, and till June 15th held a certificate of conditional exemption. On that date the Local Tribunal ordered its withdrawal, and Mr. Dine consequently came before the Dorset Appeal Tribunal. The Military Representative then remarked affably that "a very strong representation" had been made about Mr. Dine, and that if the Tribunal pleased they could grant exemption without any opposition from him. The horse having got thus quickly into smooth running, Mr. G. P. Symes, on behalf of Mr. Dine, followed to state that the Portland Magistrates had intimated that they must close the Court if Mr. Dine was no longer able to advise them in the course of justice, and that, to cut a long but beautiful and touching story short, said Magistrates had "communicated with the Army Council for Recruiting, who consider that under the circumstances Mr. Dine is an official who is really indispensable." It further appears from the proceedings that the Home Secretary himself has been so impressed with the indispensability of this young magisterial official, blessed with good health and a large salary, that he pleaded the cause of Mr. Dine to the head Recruiting Authority. The Chairman was naturally suspicious of this little game on behalf of Mr. Dine. "The military have evidently been induced to withdraw their opposition," he said with some heat, and in reply to that there was this curious, even startling, confession from the Military Representative: "Where one has a fighting case, one suddenly receives instructions not to oppose further. Of course, my mouth is more or less sealed." Protesting that they were "not going to listen to any representations from outside," the Chairman announced that Mr. Dine would have three months' further exemption, "to end sooner if a substitute can be found, and no further appeal without leave." It is heavy odds on that Mr. Charles Dine will not be able to find a substitute for his nice salary; also that before November he will get leave to appeal, for he has all the appearance of a winner who can beat the field with a few yards in hand, especially with a jockey like the Home Secretary on his back.

A POSTAL "SERVICE."



Germany's Line of Communication.

ONE FOR HIS NIBS.

ENEMY NAMES ON "BRITISH MADE" GOODS.

An interesting addition to our museum of curiosities is a box of pens, with the following labels outside: "Geo. W. Hughes, 144 Best Quality Assorted Pens, 1s. Very useful for different members of family, or clerks in an office, as each can have the pen he likes best." "All pens in this box guaranteed BRITISH MAKE. Geo. W. Hughes, Birmingham." Many of the nibs, or pens, in the box do not fulfil that comfortable assurance as to their British origin. The words stamped upon them are not easy to decipher, but we give a few as examples: Jos. C. Petrovshy, Prague; Franz Posch, Karlsbad; I. Prochazha, Obchod Papirem, Brno; G. Sikic, Fiume; Wawel, Pioro; Schull Feder Padogog; Brichwald and Co., Sarajevo; Kaiser Franz Josefs Feder, Heinrich Reinsch, Aussig. The places named are either in Bohemia, Bosnia or Austria-Hungary. Why they should be labelled as of "British Make", is a mystery that might be explained on inquiry under the Merchandise Marks Act. Meantime it is significant to note that Mr. Hughes, of 8, Legge Lane, Birmingham, puts himself on a manufacturing pinnacle—or shall we say in a glass-house?—from which he is quite prepared to throw stones at his competitors. In thanking the public for "the decided preference they have shown for the pens of his manufacture," he regrets that "low and disreputable individuals have rendered it necessary to caution the public that none are genuine without his signature on the label at the bottom of the box." As to the genuineness we leave our readers to judge, and after this exposure we question whether members of any patriotic family—certainly none of the clerks in JOHN BULL Office—will "like best" any of these nibs of tainted name. They would rather pay a higher price for writing implements more agreeably inscribed. The nibs in Mr. Hughes' box are undeniably "cheap," but such enemy inscriptions as we have mentioned put them in the "nasty" category. Perhaps he will explain.

HELPING THE POOR GERMAN.

AMAZING ACTION OF THE CADBURY COMMITTEE.

The hypocritical claim of the Quaker Committee for the Relief of Distressed Huns, that their aim is simply "to aid innocent alien enemies in Great Britain rendered destitute by the war," is sufficiently disproved by the following episode, for the details of which we are able to vouch. As long ago as 1912, a German subject named Otto Mewes went to stay as a paying "guest" with a lady at Wimbledon, who seems to have "spoiled the Egyptians" to the extent of borrowing £20 from her obliging lodger. In the ordinary course the loan would doubtless have been fully paid, but with the outbreak of war the debtor seems to have had honest qualms about paying money to a German, and she accordingly held her hand until August of this year, when she received the following amazing letter from Mr. Bertram Lloyd, Secretary of the "Business Committee" of the "Friends" of the Hun:—

> We understand from Mr. Otto Mewes, on whose behalf we are acting, that he lent you the sum of £5 when staying with you as paying guest during 1912, and a further £15 in 1913, making £20 in all, of which sum only £1 has been repaid. We are informed further that you are under the impression that you are not allowed to pay debts to Germans during the war. We would therefore point out that enemy aliens, while resident in this country . . . are legally entitled to receive any money owing to them. We shall be glad, therefore, if you will inform us whether you are prepared to continue the repayments by regular instalments. . . .

"Awaiting the favour of your early reply, before taking further steps," concludes Mr. Bertram Lloyd, who is evidently acting as the legal representative of litigious Huns. As to his qualifications for such a position, the Law Society may be able to speak; meanwhile, it may be noted that in these private transactions between a British subject and an enemy alien, the Cadbury Committee, true to their perverted instincts, are on the German side.

SOMEWHERE

What I Have Seen—What I Have Done—

By THE E

I KNOW it is customary, when writing from the Western Front, to address one's articles from "Somewhere in France." But, after what I have seen during the week I spent there, I decline to be a party to such a libel on the fair name of our Ally. Let me tell you some of the things I have seen and you shall judge the choice of my title—"Somewhere in Hell." *I have seen Hell!* Yes, I have looked through its gates and have seen the Hosts of God fighting the Imps of the Devil. And—forgive the apparent blasphemy of the words—God is winning all along the line.

What I Have Seen.

I have seen fifty thousand men in hospital—many of them writhing in all the agonies of Hell—and not one complaining.

I have seen the roads of France a mass of shell-holes—roads which were once the wonder of the world.

I have seen bridges and viaducts blown out of existence—except for, here and there, a few solitary piers.

I have seen thousands of German prisoners for once earning an honest living by the sweat of their brow, and, afterwards, being kept out of mischief in cage compounds.

I have seen African and Indian labourers—and Chinese, too—helping to repair the ravages of the Hun.

I have seen Naga tribes from Northern India chanting their weird songs, and even doing their wild war dances, in their rest hours on the battle-fields where they were employed on salvage work.

I have seen a thousand silent graves—hundreds of them inscribed simply "A British Soldier"—on hill and mound—on roadside and in valley—where, not long ago, they who now rest there fought like mighty heroes for the Right.

I have seen Burial Parties collecting the Dear Dead and reverently laying them to rest.

I have seen a weeping mother sitting at the grave-side of her son, calling down the curse of Heaven upon his murderers.

I have seen a cemetery of five thousand graves of British boys who, after gallant deeds, died in hospital.

I have seen splendid fellows on the Operating Tables—and—the tragedy of it!—*I have seen* some of them in the mortuary and have attended their burial service in chapel and cemetery.

I have seen the lads in the trenches.

I have seen men carried out to the advanced dressing posts and the Casualty Clearing Stations, and—thank God!—I was able to speak a word of comfort to them.

I have seen the boys in the Rest Camps, and have had many a cheery and heartening chat with them.

I have seen Cathedrals and Churches in ruins.

I have seen the places where towns and villages once stood—now no more than masses of bricks and mortar, and human remains.

I have seen our guns playing upon the enemy lines.

I have seen gallant airmen hurtling to destruction from the blue, and—Heaven be praised!—*I have seen* the grinning and exultant Hun, as he came out of his trenches to gloat over their fate, mown down by our machine guns.

I have seen the desolated towns and villages of France—every woman in black and not a man of military age anywhere.

I have seen splendid young airmen arriving with new and wonderful machines from England—doing the journey in half an hour.

I have seen the Tankodromes—where these weird monsters of the field are collected and then sent forth on their uncanny errands.

I have seen, and taken the salute from, brigades of glorious lads, marching to the Trenches to put—as I hope to show—the finishing touch to the Hun.

I have seen Dug-outs (and sat in them) elaborately built by the Germans—all oblivious, apparently, of the fact that they would fall into our hands.

I have seen the German lines.

I have seen, and talked with, German prisoners and German wounded.

I have seen our Wireless Stations intercepting the messages of the enemy.

I have seen wonderful women—many of them risking their lives—in every department of war work.

I have seen Lords and Labourers, Peers and Peasants, fighting and falling, and resting in silent graves, side by side.

What I Have Done.

I have been in the First Line Trenches—within two hundred yards of the enemy.

I have been in the Reserve Lines—which is much more dangerous than the First.

I have been in places where I had to wear a gas-mask and a steel helmet.

I have had to take cover during a shell attack when the General and his staff and I were located by an Observation Balloon.

I have stood on the Vimy Ridge and watched the fighting at Lens.

I have looked over the parapet and seen the effect of our gun fire.

I have looked down, from an Observation Station, upon Douai, the Cement Works, Souchez, Blangy, Feuchy, Athie, Oppy, Croisilles, Wancourt Wood, Fampoux, Fresnoy, Givenchy, Greenland Hill, Windmill Copse, and other scenes of sanguinary conflict.

I have discussed the situation from every possible aspect, with men and officers, and members of the General Staff.

I have sat alone with Sir Douglas Haig and talked of the great work upon which he is engaged—and have learnt many things.

I have also had many a conversation with General Sir Arthur Sloggett—the wonderful Director-General of Medical Service, to whom we are indebted for the remarkably good health of the troops.

I have talked with eminent surgeons and physicians, and, by their courtesy, have become acquainted with marvellous discoveries which may revolutionise the treatment of disease after the war.

E IN—HELL!

e—What I Have Learnt—The War is Won!

E EDITOR.

I have spent hours with Priests and Parsons, wondering what is the inner spiritual meaning and purport of this great Thing.

Aye, and I have held the hand of the dying—God rest their souls!

I have visited the fields of Crécy and Agincourt—in which former place—at the suggestion of General Sloggett—the Prince of Wales, a most popular officer, stood upon the spot from which Edward the Third watched the battle; and have seen the room of the chateau in which Henry the Fifth slept.

What I Have Learnt.

And now for what I have learnt. We will have the truth from the trenches, at last. *The war is won.* Germany is beaten. On every front she is weakening and weakening—and it is now only a question of the psychological moment to strike. That momentous decision rests with one man—at least, I hope to God it does. If the politicians will kindly keep out of the ring Haig will very soon administer the knock-out blow. *I know what I am saying.* I do not profess to speak as any military expert or prophet. I say that which I have learnt. I mention no names—I disclose no secrets—I abuse no confidence. From Field Marshal Commander-in-Chief, right down to the rawest Tommy in the trenches, there is but one spirit—that of absolute optimism and confidence. And there is not a German prisoner who does not tell the same tale. "*Es ist fertig*," said everyone of them with whom I talked—"It is finished." Russia, of course, has been a big disappointment—but, Russia notwithstanding, *we have won.* But for the fact that our Near Eastern Ally suddenly went mad, there is no question whatever that August would have seen a combined offensive on every front, which ere now would have got the Hun on the run. Of course, her temporary defection was a serious blow—but, happily, it has not proved a mortal one. Indeed, from some points of view—provided I am right in the assumption that the end is near—the hands of the Allies may have been strengthened by what has happened. At any rate, I have learned this—that, except for the inevitable delay of the final Offensive, the High Command are in no way distressed by the so-called Russian Revolution, the true nature of which, you may take it, is quite understood out at the Front. I have also learnt something about Japan, as to which I am not at the moment free to speak. To use one of our familiar slogans, however, I will just say, "Watch Japan"! Another thing I have learnt—and learnt very thoroughly—is that the one person of whom the soldiers are apprehensive is the Politician. Throughout all ranks there is a deep-rooted idea that when Germany throws up the sponge, the politicians will evince a tender solicitude for the welfare of the vanquished foe, by agreeing to terms of peace which will deprive us of all for which we have fought and bled. I feel it my duty to convey that message to the Prime Minister. I believe we have a War Aims Committee, and that it is already on the stump enlightening the people as to what we are fighting for. I have before observed that it seems rather late in the day to inaugurate such a campaign, but if he will take my advice I would urge him, with all the force of which I am capable, to issue a manifesto declaring in plain words, "understanded of the people," that we will have no official peace talk until our troops are in occupation of Berlin Such a declaration would send an electric thrill throughout the trenches, and would remove the only ugly feature I found there. Wherefore I pray that Lord Haldane—who some time ago made the sinister statement that, when peace comes to be discussed, he will be "heard of again"—and others of his ilk, may be told that their services are not required, and that Sir Douglas Haig may be assured that the work his men have begun, and are so gloriously performing, shall be finished to his personal satisfaction. There must be no "next time"!

When All Is Over.

Well, so much for this week. I have endeavoured to convey to you some idea of Armageddon from a bird's-eye point of view. Next week we will come nearer to the earth—saturated, as it is, with the blood of our bravest and best. To-day, my heart and mind and soul are too crowded with the picture of the Great Tragedy for any detail to be possible. Would that each of you could see as I have seen—could hear as I have heard. One incident puts it in a nutshell. I was talking with a young university undergraduate. He had left his college because his King and Country called him. "Shall you go back after the war?" I asked. He smiled, and pointing to the scene around us—we were in the trenches—said, "Go back? Isn't this a sufficient education for any man? *I knew nothing before the war.*" There you have it. Neither did I. But in one week I have had *my* education. I know all I want to know—of life and of death; and those two words, embrace all knowledge—and only Knowledge is Education. Somewhere there is a poem about a man who, after death, was condemned to a thousand years of anguish for some past misdeeds. And the first thing which happened was that he was shown the girl whom he had left behind, and who was the love of his life, in the embraces of another man. You remember the rest of the story? Taking pity on the poor wretch, the angel bade him be of good cheer—"for in that moment's anguish your thousand years are passed." And so during those days I spent at the Front. There is no joy, there is no sorrow, I can ever know which shall equal the ecstasy of my happiness at the sight of what my flesh and blood are doing to make a better world—or the depth, the profundity, of my grief at the suffering and the sacrifice which, in the mystery of God, they are called upon to endure, that, when all is over, Humanity shall come nearer to the Divine—nearer to those Portals at present beyond our ken, and behind which lie the Realms of Light in which, in His own good time, all who are worthy shall find eternal happiness and rest. Heaven bless the dear boys to whose hands has been entrusted this glorious and sacred task. Heaven cheer the bereaved and the sorrowing. They, too, are bearing the Burden. *All will soon be well.*

IRISH SHIRKERS IN BRITISH JOBS.

THE BITTER COMPLAINT OF A DISCHARGED SOLDIER.

Much might be said to emphasise the complaint of a discharged soldier in respect of an aerodrome in course of erection near the Kent coast. Here, he says, are employed a large number of young Irishmen, and Irishmen of military age. Excused from khaki for political reasons, they have come to this country under ample guarantee that they will not be molested by the military and thus they earn a great deal more money in the country they scorn than in the country they profess to love. "Nobody," said Mrs. Sheehy Skeffington, in a public insult the other day, "should be blamed for being an Englishman; he can't help it." But the land of Englishmen has always been a fine country for Irishmen to make a living in. For an Irishman who will not wear khaki it is now a finer country than ever. "If England is good enough for them to get their living in," says the ex-sapper, "it is good enough for them to fight for, and if the Government have no hold of them as soldiers they might at least have the decency to keep them in their own country as dodgers, instead of putting them in Englishmen's jobs on Government contracts." Which has the true ring of the hammer on the anvil.

THE BLUSH OF MODESTY.

SAD DISAPPOINTMENT FOR A RED-NOSED MAN.

E. Dean, Ltd., 12, All Saints Road, St. Annes-on-Sea, advertise a sure cure for Red Noses. There used to be an advertiser whose tip, for one "bob," was, "keep on drinking till it turns blue." E. Dean's "cure" may not be of that kind; we know not, for a gentleman who wrote for particulars received, in return, a letter all about blushing. It was of no value to him, for he does not blush, except at the nose, so he forwarded the interesting missive to us. E. Dean commences his letter with a shout:—"Personality! There is magic in the word. Think of the successful people you know. Could they have achieved success if every time they were asked to meet anyone they started, trembled, blushed?" That's a silly sort of question to put to a man with a scarlet nasal organ. But E. Dean keeps it up: "This is what I would give you—a sureness about yourself that you have always lacked. My blushing treatment does this. Your personality might shine forth bringing success to you; pleasure to your friends"—all so very useless to a man whose nose shines forth, like a danger signal, to himself and friends. "Take this opportunity; for 15s. I will cure you of Blushing, Flushing, and other distressing symptoms. I will make you Important. I guarantee to do this or return that 15s." However, he will not return the particular 15s. he had in view, for he has it not. Our friend only wants a white nose. Blushing, Flushing—and Gushing—are side lines for which he declines to part one single bawbee. If E. Dean has taken his own "Blushing Treatment" it seems to have been remarkably effective, for he can tell his tall tale without a blush.

HARD MEASURE.

MILITARY SERVICE AND AN AGENT'S CONTRACT.

An agent in the employ of Messrs. Ballingall and Son, Limited, Brewers, of Dundee, having been called up for military service, relinquishing a considerable connection, wrote to the firm in the hope of obtaining some special consideration, or, perhaps, the promise of renewed employment after the war. However, the reply received was as follows:—

> Our agreement with you came to a termination without our will when you left service and went to the Army.

Nor were matters improved by this further communication:—

> Our . . . letter to you represented the considered opinion of the Managing Directors. The agreement entered into between you and us was not broken by Ballingall and Son, Ltd., but by the Government's action in taking you out of our employment, thereby preventing you from fulfilling your contract with us. As a sensible person, you must realise the position. If you wish redress, then you must raise an action against the Government.

If the matter is to rest there, we certainly cannot compliment Messrs. Ballingall and Son upon "the considered opinion of their Managing Directors," especially as they seem to have pushed their legal rights to the length of declining the agent's modest request for a month's salary on the summary termination of his engagement. Such methods reflect no credit upon the Proprietors of the "Park and Pleasance" Breweries, being in fact much more "parky" than pleasant.

JOLLYING "JOHN."

A "RELIGIOUS CUSS" WITH AN EYE ON THE BAWBEES.

Our Advertisement Department recently inserted the following apparently harmless announcement: "A Boon to Small Tradesmen. Infallible means of purifying Ledgers, well tested, tried and recommended by the advertiser. Post free, 7d. 64a, High Street, Dorchester, Dorset." All that was received for the money was a typewritten sheet, stating that the advertiser, "R. W. H."—the initials, we believe, of a Mr. Hughes—in "poring over" his outstanding accounts was "inspired" with an idea: "Surely some lawyer could be found who would collect my debts quarterly, and that without any expense to me, he adding his fee to the amount." He, however, also encloses a card, which he states "has helped many after perusal and study." It bears on one side a religious poem, entitled "I have Christ! What want I more?" whilst on the other is a collection of moral precepts. We will not follow Mr. Hughes' blasphemous example, but recipients must have felt inclined to say that they certainly "wanted" their sevenpence back, and would not be "happy" without it! We confess that Hughes has "done one on us." We have returned the dirty money he sent for publishing his specious announcement, and anyone who has been defrauded through reading it in our pages can have his sevenpence refunded on forwarding to us the circular and card. As far as is humanly possible, we *will* keep our advertisement pages clean, but "accidents will happen," etc.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

Oh, the wild, despairing terror
That will strike the Potsdam Brute,
When he learns that here, in England,
All the wounded must salute!

The Coal Controller's "latest" is,
To say the least, too much!
Our grates must cold and coalless go
So we may warm the Dutch!

At Baltic end of Kiel Canal
Von Tirpitz takes a quiz,
Because he knows *the other end*
Is where the danger is.

WINNING THE WAY TO WEALTH.

Lord Leverhulme's Prophecy.

"There will be no place in the whole British Empire for the idle rich or the idle or 'ca-canny' poor," says Lord Leverhulme, that great captain of industry, speaking of the time that is coming "after-the-war." And in the same speech he stated that "it has been estimated that less than half of our total population are actual producers of wealth."

Everyone's Duty.

We must take these words to heart. We are in for a period of colossal taxation, of enormous stress and strain. In order to overcome that strain and to pay off the debt accumulated during the war we must increase our powers of wealth production. We must produce more wealth, both as a nation and as individuals. And in order to produce more wealth we must each of us increase our personal efficiency.

Incomes Trebled.

Physical efficiency comes from physical training. In the same way mental efficiency comes from mental training. And as the brain is more susceptible to training than the muscles, the results produced by scientific mind-training are far more striking and extraordinary than even the results produced by physical training. For instance, people by practising scientific mind-training for a few weeks have been able *to double and even treble their incomes* as a result. And hundreds and thousands of cases of most extraordinary benefits secured in this way have been recorded.

A Fascinating Volume.

A fascinating little book has just been published which gives particulars of many scores of these cases. Every reader of JOHN BULL ought to have it. You can have it sent to you on application gratis and post free. It contains statements by people of every sort of occupation. All testify to the marvellous practical benefits they have secured by training their minds on scientific lines.

Wonderful Facts.

Here are a few of these recorded results. "Substantial increase in salary"; "Doubled my business"; "Increased turnover and salary"; "Turnover beaten all previous records"; "Promotion secured"; "Salary doubled"; "Added £80 to my commission"; "Turned all my dormant powers to account"; "Secured important position"; "In less than three weeks I have practically doubled my income"; "70 per cent. rise in wages"; "Medical practice put on sound footing"; "Promoted to rank of Lieutenant-Colonel"; "Secured staff appointment"; "Learnt foreign language in one-quarter the usual time." All these and many other benefits were secured by following a simple course of scientific Mind and Memory Training which JOHN BULL readers have the opportunity of starting to-day at a great reduction in the usual fees.

7,000 in Army and Navy.

Over 7,000 officers and men of the Army and Navy are training their minds by this method. They include Admirals, Generals, Colonels, Majors, Captains, Commanders, Lieutenants, N.C.O.'s, Warrant and Petty Officers, Privates and Able Seamen. The course is being followed at all the fronts, as well as at the base, and on the lines of communication, and is practised assiduously on board the warships of the Grand Fleet. It is also followed by thousands of successful business and professional men and women and by people engaged in every branch of industry. Full particulars will be sent you gratis and post free. Write for them to-day.

Trains and Develops the Mind.

One wonderful feature of this course is that it rapidly cures all such defects in your intellectual make-up as Indecision, Mind-Wandering, Lack of Initiative, Forgetfulness, Lack of Confidence, and other similar weaknesses which prevent so many people from winning their way to success. What is more, it develops in your mind all such strong qualities and faculties as Organising Power, Driving Force, Concentration, Initiative, Judgment, Resourcefulness, Business Tact, Persuasiveness, Debating Skill, Salesmanship, and, above all, an absolutely accurate and dependable memory.

The Valuable Qualities.

These are just the qualities which are most in demand in the world to-day, and by gaining and developing them you greatly increase your income-earning power. You become twice and three times as efficient. You become a better organiser, a more capable worker. You find you can do more work in less time, and higher-class work, too. You become a rapid and accurate worker. You get ideas which are worth money and you know how to make the best use of them. That is why this course is so valuable to you. It is fully explained in the book, a free copy of which you should write for to-day.

No Strenuous Study Required.

Nearly 250,000 people have already taken this course. It is simple and easy to follow and vastly interesting. Do not think it involves hard study and much time. It doesn't. There is no poring over musty books. The books of the Course are most fascinating reading, and you can carry them about in your pocket and read them at odd moments. And, as already stated, you have now the opportunity of securing the complete course at a great reduction in the fees.

Promotion in Sight.

If you take the Course, you will be helped, through the Post, by the skilled instructors of the Pelman Institute. And, in a few weeks' time you will find that you have enormously increased your personal efficiency. Your brain will become the efficient instrument of your will. And by this means you will gain rapid promotion to a higher position in life.

Write for This Free Book To-Day.

Don't miss this opportunity. To take it costs nothing and may gain you much. Just write your name and address on a postcard and post it to-day to the Secretary, The Pelman Institute, 15, Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1. By return you will receive gratis and post free full particulars of the famous Pelman Course of Mind and Memory Training, with personal statements from men and women, telling how much the system has benefited them, and information enabling you to enrol for the Course now at reduced fees, and thus greatly increase your money-earning powers and double and treble your efficiency. Write for these Free particulars to-day.

OVERSEAS ADDRESSES:—46, *Market Street. Melbourne*; 15, *Toronto Street, Toronto*; *Club Arcade, Durban.*

[ADVT.

Don't miss our Advertisement Guarantee on page 18.

THE GREAT PUSH OF THE ALLIES

There's always a Great Push when WRIGLEY'S comes upon the scene.

It is recognised in the Army that Wrigley's is playing an important part in the Great Push. Some of the greatest deeds of glory have been accomplished by the boys whilst chewing a piece of Wrigley's. Because it relieves tension, strain and fatigue—because it aids digestion and protects the lads from dreaded thirst during the stress of war, it has become the most welcome of all the gifts from Blighty.

Supplied to the Red Cross for use in hospitals and large quantities taken by H.M. Government for use of troops abroad.

Send to your Soldier friends

WRIGLEY'S

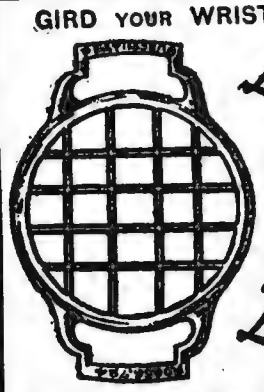
SPEARMINT CHEWING GUM

2½d. per packet of 5 bars.

Sold by all Confectioners, Tobacconists, Y.M.C.A. Huts, Government Canteens and Chemists, including Boots Cash Chemists and Taylor's Drug Co., Ltd.

WRIGLEY'S LTD. LONDON, S.E.1.

GIRD YOUR WRIST WATCH WITH THE ARMOUR OF A



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IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS.

MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN.

Reading in the Press of Mr. Neville Chamberlain's intention, I made a beeline for Birmingham, and burst in upon the deposed bureaucrat of St. Ermin's.

"What's this I understand?" I gasped, mopping my brow.

"There you've got me beat," smiled Mr. Neville. "I am not acquainted with the extent of your understanding."

"That is scarcely worthy of a son of Joe," I said. "But let it pass. I'm informed that you intend to stand for Parliament."

"Correct. I do."

"And that your decision is due to your having conceived a greater respect for the House of Commons than you had formerly."

"I could not have put it better myself," was the bland reply.

"You have a greater respect for the House of Commons now than when your illustrious father was one of its brightest ornaments?"

"You've a brutal way of putting it, but I suppose I must concede you that," replied Mr. Chamberlain, uneasily.

"Well, I won't labour *that* point," I said, "nor cast your brother Austen in your teeth, so to speak, although no one has upheld the honourable traditions of the House more finely than he. The fact remains that you have lately conceived a deep respect for the House of Commons, eh?"

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed Neville, impatiently.

"And you are anxious to show your respect by securing a seat in it?"

"That is so."

"Well," I said, with deliberate emphasis, "don't you think your respect would be better shown *by keeping out of it?* It may gratify your personal vanity, but will your membership shed lustre on the Commons?"

"Well, I am a Chamberlain," was the proud retort.

"There is something in that, I grant you. I suppose you are entitled to a little reflected glory on that account. But, unfortunately, you are also the late Director of National Service, and your name is consequently associated in the minds of the people with mess, muddle and ineptitude. Before your retirement, St. Ermin's had become a thing of mockery and scorn in the eyes of the country. The merest mention of it was met with jeers and ribald laughter. In consequence, the name of Neville Chamberlain spells failure and incapability. Don't you, therefore, think that you would best show your new-born respect for the House of Commons by keeping out of it?"

"Pooh! The House of Commons is full of failures!" was the flippant reply.

"Well, since you are determined, why not apply for the leadership of the new National Party?—But stay! They must have no executive failures in that, for I have a shrewd suspicion that it will be looked upon as the embryo of the coming Business Government, under an *alias!*"

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Neville, mouth agape.

"Well, till we meet in the Lobby!" I cried, leaving him alone with his surprise.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"PONTEFRACT AND CASTLEFORD EXPRESS" (advertisement):—

"Notice of Removal. ——'s TEETH HAVE REMOVED TO —— Street."

"FORGET-ME-NOT":—

"The FIRST PRIZE of Five Shillings in the Funny Story Competition . . . IS MISS E. SMITH."

"COMMERCIAL MOTOR" (Answers to Queries):—

"Providing you do not fit SPUDS to the tyres you merely have to comply with the terms of the Act."

"PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS" (advertisement):—

"Wanted, a few FEMALE PRESSERS, at once."

"YORKSHIRE EVENING NEWS":—

"The girl munition worker who tracked a spy in a NATIONAL FILLY FACTORY . . . is Miss Mary Williams."

"IRISH NEWS AND BELFAST MORNING NEWS":—

"An exhibition of limelight views relating to the religious life at the front and the MISERIES OF THE WAR brought a VERY ENJOYABLE evening's entertainment to a close."

"HULL DAILY MAIL" (report of bread adulteration charge):—

"For the defence —— gave evidence that he had made use of a bread improver. . . . He had been a BAKER all his life, and HE WAS INJURIOUS TO HEALTH."

"PYLITNA"

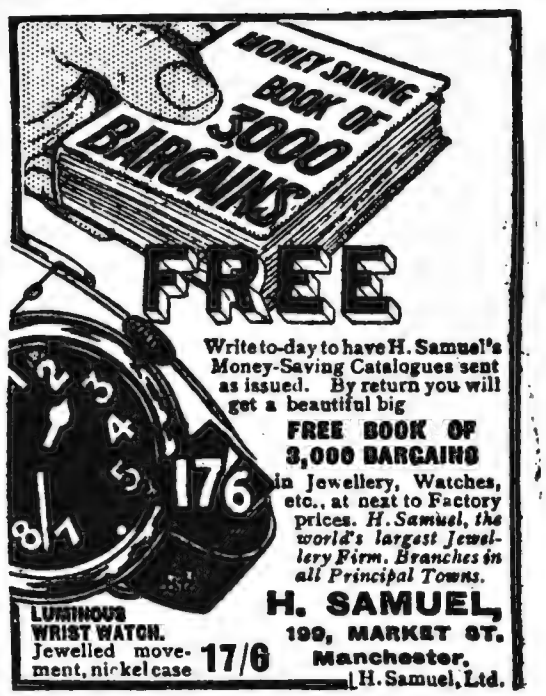
A GENUINE CURE FOR PILES.

Hæmorrhoids (Piles) are caused by the disordered functions of the system which cannot be corrected by external remedies.

"PYLITNA" POWDERS

taken in warm milk or water are a genuine effective cure. Guaranteed harmless to the system.

Of Chemists and Stores 3/- per box, or post free "Pylitna" 3, Farringdon Rd., London, E.C.1.



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LUMINOUS WRIST WATCH. Jewelled movement, nickel case 17/6

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MEN

Would you like for 55/- Easy Terms a better Suit than any other tailor can make you at the price? Then send a postcard (but ask for Suit Set No. 19), and we'll send you a free set of real British patterns, book of styles, and measure-yourself form. If you're not pleased with the Suit we guarantee your money back without delay or demur. 2s. in the £ discount for cash. Write before the best patterns are sold out to Dept. 19.

CATESBYS LTD.,
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YOU NEED THESE IF YOU USE A FOUNTAIN PEN.

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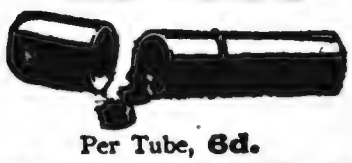


Per Tube, 6d.

Silver-Plated Pen Clip

3d. each. Post 1d.

"JOHN BULL" PEN DEPT., 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C. 2.

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2s. 9d. and twopenny stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. Thus, you may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1s. 9d. only and 2d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL 1s. EXTRA.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

(September 22, 1917.)

P.O.s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

TOMMY AND JACK.

OUR PLEDGE: "No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean chesspering, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—Horatio Bottomley, *19th August, 1915.*

The Wasting of the Greens.

In the Springtime men of the Machine Gun Corps at Maresfield Park Camp dug up a vast tract of land and planted cabbages. Nature was good to them, and they had a splendid crop; but, notwithstanding the food scarcity, it has been left to rot. The soldiers now complain about the odour of the vegetables, and spend a large portion of the night chasing the myriads of green caterpillars that invade their huts. Who will buy the cabbages as they stand?

Huns at Home.

We have received a complaint about an Army doctor in a southern camp which merits attention. A gunner was carried before him on a stretcher, and the medico told him to stand up. He was too ill to do so, whereupon the doctor remarked, "It is a lot of damned nonsense. I cannot examine you lying down there." He pulled the man to a sitting posture; the force being relaxed, the poor fellow dropped back again, so the Jack-in-office refused to examine him, walking away with his hands in his pockets. We understand the matter was reported to the gunner's Battery Orderly Officer, and we can only hope he has sent it on to "higher authority."

The Matrimonial Soldier.

We are inundated with letters inquiring how a soldier can get married in lightning-quick time. It is necessary merely to write to the Registrar, Faculty Office, Doctor's Commons, Knightrider Street, E.C. Three men may be married by Special Licence at the usual cost of one—namely, £2—but in hard cases the licence is granted according to the ability of the man to pay, whilst an ordinary licence costs the soldier 10s. We trust that this notification will lessen the volume of correspondence we are now receiving.

More Muddle in India.

Why does the India Government make a special daily allowance to N.C.O.s and men of the Territorial Forces and withhold it from the regular soldiers? The excuse given is that the Terriers' expenses are higher than those of the Regulars; but this cock will hardly fight. We want to see the regulation altered.

Prisoners of War Parcels.

We have received from Lord Harris, on behalf of the Kent Prisoners of War Fund, a lucid statement giving the reason for the non-arrival of parcels at the various internment camps. It is clear that the Kentish Committee is not at fault, but the Germans are. One prisoner, in the early part of the year, received no parcels for two months, but recently was handed nineteen in five days!

"Anither Wee Drappie."

The Officer Commanding the 6-7 Royal Scots Fusiliers on a certain part of the Continent refuses to allow his men to have their regulation tot of rum. We hear that he is a teetotaler, but that is no reason why those in his command should not be served out with that life-preserving and rheumatism-scaring potion. We hope the Brigadier-General is not possessed of similar narrow prejudices, and that he will look into this matter.

Misery in Mesopotamia.

Our Mesopotamia mail has just arrived, and shows remarkable unanimity regarding the poor quality and extremely small quantity of the rations served out. Of course, the transport difficulties are very great, but if somebody in high command takes an interest in the complaint he will still find it possible to institute a big improvement.

A Courtesy Refused.

We invite the G.W.R. to instruct its officials at Bristol to show a little more decent politeness to men in the King's service. Through a train coming late into Bristol some days ago, a Royal Marine was compelled to overstay his leave for a few hours. As it was not his fault he, desiring to retain his good character, asked two of the station officials to sign his pass, adding a statement that the train was late. Each in turn refused, and did so—to put it mildly—in no polite manner. Finally the Military Police signed, and so saved the man trouble. If railway servants cannot treat with respect the men who fight for us, they must be made to do so. We hear repeatedly of cases of soldiers being punished for returning to camp late, the "crime" being due to the irregularity of the train services.

Give It to Jack, Too.

Our friends of the Fleet write asking us to suggest that the men who have done long service in the war shall be treated the same as the land heroes, who are to be granted a distinctive medal to signalise their great deeds. We are sure that Admiral Jellicoe, who knows the men and their splendid qualities and deeds, will take an interest in this suggestion.

Not the King's Way.

A leading signalman on one of H.M.'s destroyers was recently awarded the Distinguished Service Medal. It was presented to him on a Sunday morning, when the Captain and Officers were inspecting the ship. On another vessel the crew would have been mustered, and the skipper would have handed the medal to the man with some appropriate remarks; but in this case the "gong" was simply handed to the signaller on a remote part of the deck, by a young boy with the rank of Midshipman. King George himself is always proud to present personally as many medals as possible, and to shake his soldier and sailor heroes heartily by the hand. Is the Captain in question too blue-blooded to notice a man of whom he should be proud?

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(*Registered under the Act of 1915 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund."*)

This Fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. Our soldiers and sailors are giving their lives for us. Will YOU please help to make less the miseries of "the little things they left behind them"?

A Gunner's Sorrow.

Since the beginning of the war a gunner has lost three children, two of them dying within one recent week. The unfortunate soldier had not the wherewithal to bury them, but we provided it.

A Victim of the Hun.

A soldier's poor widow, with four children to keep, has strong reason to curse the Hun. She could have been proud to know that her man had died for his country in action; but he had the misfortune to be killed in an air raid. We helped her financially.

No Pension—No Comfort.

A discharged soldier, without pension, proved to us that he is unable to work more than three days a week. His small pittance supplies food for practically those three days only, being quite inadequate for the weekly needs of himself, wife and child. He knows the soldier's friend, and proved our goodwill.

What Can We Do for Them?

Yet another case of a husband unable to work, and the wife left to solve the problem of the support of herself and the two children. Our subscribers will be glad to know that they have a hand in lightening the burdens on such distressed homes.

A Broken-Down Reservist.

A man who had done his bit willingly was transferred to Reserve "W," and worked for a short time until his health broke down. He has a wife and four children to support, and as a happy thought appealed to us to help him over a stile. We gladly responded.

Leave Them to Starve!

Again we have to complain about the system of investigating the cases of soldiers' dependents, which frequently leaves for months without money those who were supported by men before enlistment. All such cases are investigated by the Old Age Pensions Officers and reported to the local Committees—often composed of comfortably-off tradesmen, who meet about once a month.

Official Ingratitude.

A particularly hard case we have in hand is that of a woman whose only support joined seven months ago. She has not had a penny from Government yet, and has pledged and sold everything realisable. It is silly to prate about our care for the dependents of those who offer up their lives for us while such a scandalous state of affairs continues. We know that, as a result of our campaign, new machinery has been promised. When will it be set up?

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

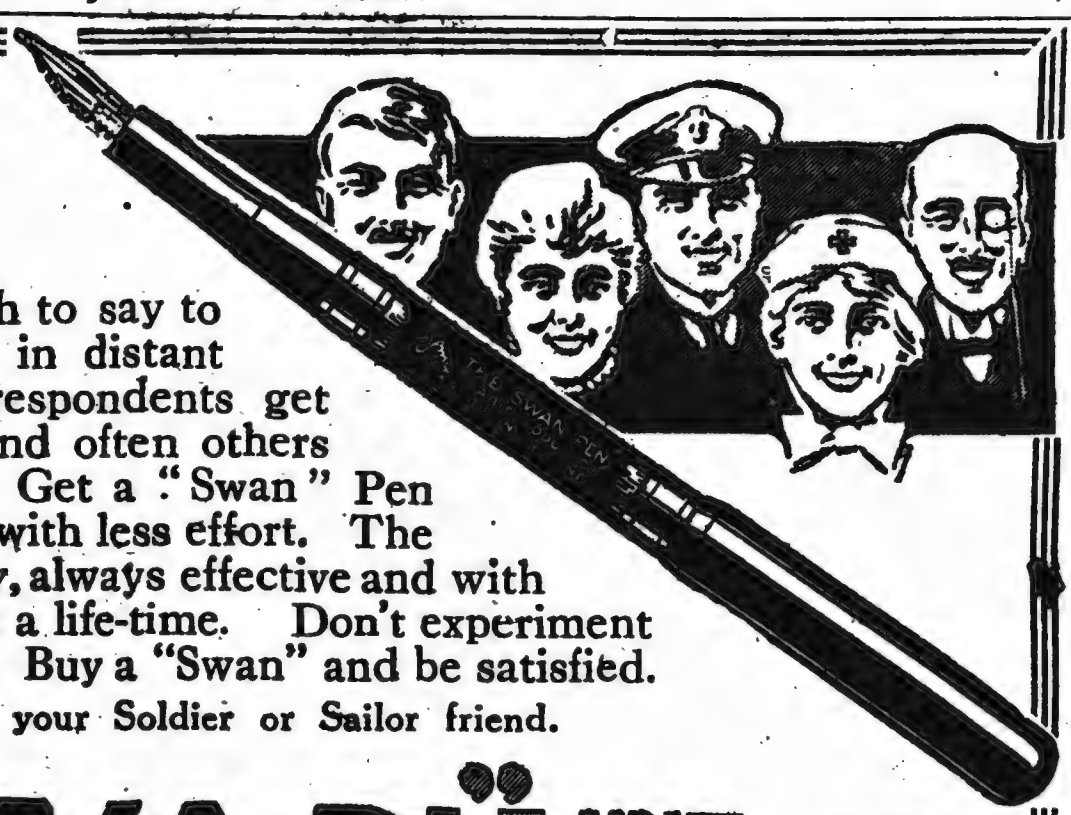
H. W. J. (Ockbrook), 2s. 6d.; W. N. H., 1s.; L. W. (Highgate), 1s.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; P. W. (Battersea), 1s. 6d.; "Kurea," £1; "A Grateful Soldier's Wife," 5s.; E. D., 2s.; M. A. (Bridge of Allan), 1s.; "Kat's Eye," 1s.; W. E. T. (Brixton), 1s.; A. H. (Crook), 2s. 6d.; H. B. B., 5s.; J. B. S. (Glasgow), 2s. 6d.; Shooting Team of H.M.S. *Implacable*, (per J. D.), £1 10s.; "Miner" (Lochgelly), 2s. 6d.; Pte. H. A., 1s.; "Sympathiser," 2s. 6d.; "A Sailor's Wife," 2s.; "Semay Sudler," 1s.; A. W. N., 2s. 6d.; 788 M.T. Coy., A.S.C. (per C.S.N.W.), £4; E. D., 1s.; C. P. K. (Cardiff), 2s. 6d.; J. H. J. (Leominster), 2s. 6d.; L. W. (Leytonstone), 4s.; "Olive and Ivy," 1s.; "A Patriotic Reader," 1s.; J. B. B. (Brixworth), 1s.; "Agent," 4s.; "A Sailor's Wife," 6d.; H. J. K., 2s. 6d.; "One of the R. F. W.," 1s.; N. M. (Scarborough), 1s.; H. B. W., 5s.; H. B. (Southport), 1s.; B. G. (Richmond), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. M., 1s.; Weekly Collection, Clearing House, A.P.O. No. 2, York, 6s. 2d.; A. R. (Walthamstow), 2s.; G. P. (Plympton), 2s. 6d.; W. W. (York), 2s.; F. H., 2s.; Anon., 2s.; "Fairfoot," 5s.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; N. M., 1s.; "Brasseur," 10s.; "Messo," 10s.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; J. C., 5s.; "A Reader," 1s.; K. B., 1s.; "Discharged," 2s. 6d.; A. W. R., 2s.; "S. Ealing Reader," 6d.; Anon. (Felixstowe), £3; "Sailor Tom's Sweetheart," 6d.; S. R. (Epsom), 1s.; 5th K. A. R., £4; W. R. (Liverpool), 4s. 2d.; "Tsuyama Haru," 10s.; Officers and Crew of s.s. *California* (per Captain B.), £4 16s.; Ceylon Planters' One Day's Pay Fund (May subscription), £6; C. B. (Spotswood), 6d.; D. W. (India), 6d.; J. G., 1s.; W. E. N., 1s.; "Some Loyal Britishers" (Liverpool), 6s.; J. R., 6d.; H. L. R., 1s.; H. S., 6d.; H. A. G., 6d.; H. P. B., 6d.; "Trot On," 6d.; Weekly Collection, C. P. S. (Woolwich Arsenal), 12s.; F. G. (Lympne), 9d.; E. H. W., 1s.; "A Soldier's Wife," 1s.; S. W., 2s.; W. C. J. (Haslemere), 1s.; "Inchicore," £2; "Disappointed" (Stirling), 1s.; G. S., 1s.; G. H. (Londonderry), 1s.; W. A. (W. Hartlepool), 1s.; Mr. B. S. (Doncaster), £2; Anon., 5s.; J. A. W., 6d.; A. J., 2s. 6d.

Collecting Boxes.

Hull.—Mr. Francis, Perfumer, Jameson Street, £1 4s. 5d.

Grand Fleet, G.P.O.—Gunner T. Armitage, 22 Mess, H.M.S. *Royal Oak*, £1 1s.

"Just a line"



To-day there is so much to say to so many people, some in distant lands, that many correspondents get only a line, and often and often others receive nothing at all. Get a "Swan" Pen and write more letters with less effort. The "Swan" is always ready, always effective and with ordinary usage will last a life-time. Don't experiment with cheap substitutes. Buy a "Swan" and be satisfied.

Send one to your Soldier or Sailor friend.

SOLD BY STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS.

THE "SWAN" FOUNT PEN.

Illustrated Catalogue post free on request.

At pre-war prices from 10/6.

MABIE, TODD & CO., Ltd., 79 & 80, High Holborn, London, W.C. 1.
38, Cheapside, E.C. 2; 204 & 95a, Regent Street, W. 1, London; 3, Exchange Street, Manchester;
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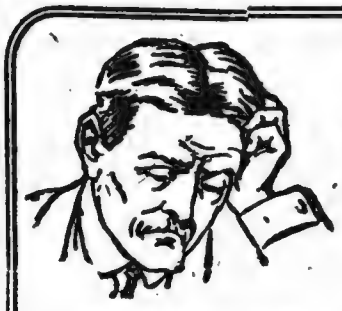


WHEN YOU ARE

LIVERISH

RUN-DOWN,

OR FEEL OUT OF SORTS

YOU NEED

If you have a tendency to Liverishness, and feel languid, "out of sorts" or "run down," you should at once resort to the world-famous remedy for these troubles—Mother Seigel's Syrup. By its gentle but efficient tonic action it puts the stomach, liver & bowels

MOTHER

SEIGEL'S

SYRUP

in a state of healthy activity; as a result you are then able to digest what you eat, and thus secure fresh stores of strength and vitality. Just try a short course of Mother Seigel's Syrup daily after meals and note the general improvement in your health.

TRY IT AFTER MEALS.

The 2/9 bottle contains three times the 1/3 size.

Become a

GOOD PIANIST

without constant 'Practising.'

No more weary grinding at 'Scales' and 'Exercises.'

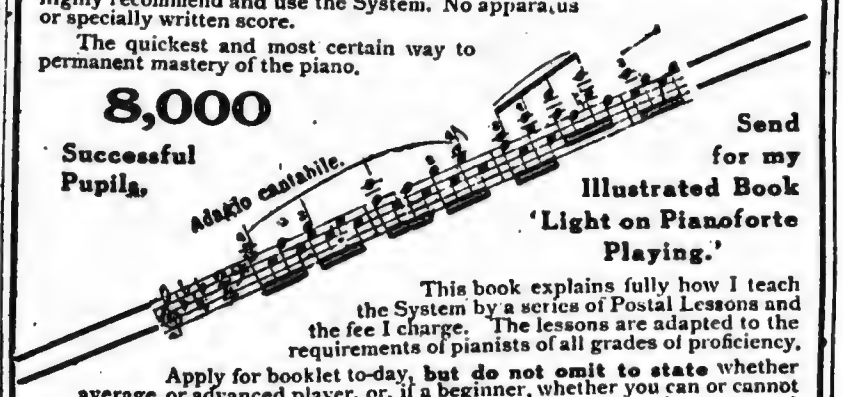
My system has abolished all necessity for keyboard drudgery. It is now possible to obtain in a few months a mastery of the piano often unobtainable even after years of laborious practising for several hours daily.

Sir Frederick Bridge and other eminent musicians highly recommend and use the System. No apparatus or specially written score.

The quickest and most certain way to permanent mastery of the piano.

8,000

Successful Pupils.



Send for my Illustrated Book 'Light on Pianoforte Playing.'

This book explains fully how I teach the System by a series of Postal Lessons and the fee I charge. The lessons are adapted to the requirements of pianists of all grades of proficiency.

Apply for booklet to-day, **but do not omit to state** whether average or advanced player, or, if a beginner, whether you can or cannot play at sight a simple hymn tune. Send 3d. for part war-time cost and postage.

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'From Brain to Keyboard'

MACDONALD SMITH'S SYSTEM OF PIANOFORTE PLAYING.

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HEAD OFFICE: 5, THREADNEEDLE ST., LONDON, E.C.2.
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Subscribed Capital	£22,947,804	Deposits (26th July, 1917.)	£182,517,486
Paid-up Capital	4,780,792	Cash Reserve (26th July, 1917.)	42,075,526
Reserve Fund	4,000,000		

Merchants and others purchasing goods from abroad can buy their exchange for payment on the best terms through any of the Branches of this Bank.

The Advertisement Insurance is on page 18

COMPANY NOTICE.

CHARRON, LTD.

The third ordinary general meeting of the members of Charron, Ltd., was held on Monday, the 10th inst., at Winchester House, E.C., Mr. Davison Dalziel, M.P. (chairman of the company), presiding.

The Chairman said: Gentlemen, The profit on trading, after charging all expenses in Paris, amounts to £51,054 6s. 11d. This shows a substantial pro rata increase when compared with the previous balance-sheet. The net balance of profit, amounting to £44,022 18s. 7d., has been carried to the balance-sheet, and, as stated in the directors' report, after deduction of dividends paid, including the sum of £1,048 9s. 9d. accrued in respect of dividend on the Seven per Cent. Preference shares, there remains, with the amount carried forward, a sum of £63,818 10s 4d to be dealt with. Out of this balance the directors recommend the payment of a dividend of 7½ per cent. on the Ordinary share capital, free of income-tax. This will absorb £15,727 9s. 3d., leaving a net amount of £48,091 1s. 1d. Out of this the directors propose adding £20,000 to the reserve and carrying forward the balance, £28,091 1s. 1d., to next year's accounts.

I should like to add that during the past year our engineers have been carefully studying a new and improved make of car especially suited to our British market, which we have reason to think will be a substantial improvement upon our existing model. We hope to be in a position to place this upon the market very shortly after the close of hostilities.

The motion for the adoption of the report and accounts was put and carried unanimously.

Buy Shirts *now*

while they are still obtainable at moderate prices. Do not put the matter off. We are able to offer high-class shirts in good materials at reasonable prices.

Zephyr Shirts with soft or stiff Cuffs. Each 7/11 - **4/11**

Taffeta Flannel Shirts light in weight. Each 12/6 - **7/6**

Ceylon Flannel Shirts medium weight, each 9/11 - **6/11**

Flannel Shirts in winter weight. Pure wool. Each 12/6 - **10/6**

Buy direct from the . . Manufacturers . .

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD.

101-102 CHEAPSIDE, E.C. 2, and REGENT STREET, W. 1.

LIVERPOOL VICTORIA LEGAL FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

Chief Office: St. Andrew St., London, E.C.

INVESTED FUNDS £8,400,000
ANNUAL INCOME £2,000,000
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Life and Endowment Assurances at Popular Rates.

Our numerous Branch Offices and Agents throughout the Kingdom transact National Health Insurance.

ARTHUR HENRI, Secretary

THE JOHN BULL GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcements appear in JOHN BULL, i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment; and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as *they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*
LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. Full names and addresses should be given.*

"A MOTHER OF THREE BOYS SERVING."—Are we satisfied with "the Answer from the Working Men of Britain" on the subject of Stockholm? Not half!—It means that your gallant sons will not be betrayed by pernicious peacemongers.

A. M. (France).—Sorry you don't like us calling ourselves "we," but to describe ourselves as "they" would sound so stand-offish, don't you think?

"TRADE-TESTED MAN."—Tommy is paid only 6d. a day for fighting and risking his life in the trenches, so why should you expect to receive more than he for working in safety in a labour battalion?

"KATHLEEN" (Stickford) sees from our utterances that we are "not one of the vampires who are sucking the nation's blood." There's vision for you!

"TONICA" (Hampstead).—"I do not think the working-man reads your paper enough." We are satisfied, however, knowing that he reads it all through once a week.

"SCOTCH."—"As men are needed at the front, couldn't Ian Macpherson, Parliamentary Under-Secretary for War, 37 years of age, married 1915, be spared to go there?" Certainly not; he is indispensable for making—excuses.

M. VAN S. (Glasgow).—You, as a Belgian soldier on leave, are entitled to speak your native tongue in Glasgow or elsewhere, notwithstanding the objection of some fool with a bee in his bonnet.

"PUZZLE" (Portobello).—Never mind, sonny. You at least have done your bit and the slackers will go green with envy when they hear your welcome home.

"THANKS."—We are asked to print this: "We wish to express sincere thanks to the survivors of the *Donegal*, when patients in E. Mil. Hospital, for handsome silver bowl and address presented to us. We hope you have all recovered and wish you all the best of luck."

E. E. AND J. P. (New Cunneck).—Much obliged by your thoughtful letter, but we are keeping an eye on things, and we are up to most moves on the political board.

J. B. (Warrington Crescent).—"Is it a fact that munitions work can be done at home?" We have heard of wives giving their husbands a good blowing up.

"THE HOPER" ("Libertyland").—"Are we civilised?" Obviously you are not, else you would not write such nauseous, toshy clap-trap of the shirking socialist school. But perhaps you should have signed yourself "The Toper."

"CANADIAN SOLDIER" (Southall).—For some obscure reason, the words "England" and "English" seem to infuriate certain Scotsmen, Irishmen, and Colonials. They also enrage the Huns—for reasons which are not so obscure.

A. C. S. (Sheffield).—"Will you please insert this letter in your weekly paper?" Why do you write private letters on Government paper? Buy your own.

PTE. PAT O'R. (R.W.K.).—Seeing you a bit crippled, some Barrow men said you and your chum were fools to get knocked about like that. You "had to speak a bit rough to them," did you? Bless you, don't apologise. Should like to have heard you.

T. R. D. (Clapton).—"Wastefulness among the lower classes?" The opinions of the aristocracy about the lower classes are always thrilling.

"A READER" (Catford).—"I heard two machinists and a clerk from the Arsenal (all military age) boasting how much sleep they achieved on night duty. One slept from 10 till 2, one from 2 till 6.30, and the clerk slept all time!" Not much to "boast" of, was it?

PTE. J. B. (Melton Mowbray).—When the Bishop of London writes silly things in "The Soldiers' Pocket Companion," the soldier is not likely to keep such a companion in his pocket.

"SAPPER" (Sandwich).—"Sometimes we never touch port for a week; a motor-boat brings us orders for fresh barges. But it never troubles to bring the men's mail; that's left lying about ashore." Somebody with decent manners should get that altered.

H. W. C. (Bungay).—Milk at 5d. per glass (10d. a pint) is awful even in Brighton. For selling the quantity at half that price—the "controlled" figure being 3d.—"Cabins" Ltd., were fined £3 3s. and costs the other day.

W. B. McC. (Glasgow).—Hallo! Bobbing up again? Thought you were dead. We decline to encourage your mania for gambling on the war.

R. H. (Liverpool).—"I had a dream in which figured you, the Kaiser, and the man I enclose." The man must have got away; he wasn't in the envelope.

F. J. D. (R.N.A.S.).—"Every night number of soldiers and sailors are stranded as Peterboro' between the 8 p.m. and 3.10 a.m. trains, and have to wander round the town." The Station-master may know how and why this is; surely it can be remedied.

"ADRIENNE" (Manor Park).—"Our flying men are great, superb, Of them we're justly proud; Give them the proper planes to use, They'd soon bring old Fritz down." Try it with a rhyming dictionary.

"ANTI-HUN" (Dublin).—We have no doubt that the Deputy Controller of the Priority Department of the Minstry of Munitions is a true-born British subject, but we wish his name was less like a sneeze. In the effort to pronounce it nicely, one of our correspondents dislocated his false teeth.

J. M. (Yeovil).—"But have gentlemen of murder to London in Pocket Pistol by Mr. Churchill 10 or seven years." See a doctor quick.

H. M. (Wavertree).—As you suggest, the disappearance of red-tape tabs on match-boxes may be due to the fact that the Government has cornered this commodity. Your perspicacity would penetrate sheet-iron.

PRIVATE H. M. (Durrington).—Afraid we are unacquainted with the gentleman who mislaid his arm, but it was Admiral Sir Percy Scott who landed the guns for Ladysmith, which of course was a two-handed job.

W. A. C. (Banff, Can.).—What shall you do with your 1864 penny? Make a Maltese cross with it.

"TIGER LILY" (Market Weighton).—We can only suggest that "a fair menu for the servants at an hotel" is the best you can afford. In these hard times, we have all to submit to "tariff reform."

H. E. H. S. (Brighton).—Your generous offer to make, free of charge, models illustrating the Fly Danger, has been turned down by the L.G.B. Yes, there are flies on that Board.

"CANADIAN SERGEANT" (Seaford).—"They have put the golf links out of bounds; we must not walk that way into the town." If somebody would put the Golf Committee in the firing line we shouldn't worry any.

"A SOLDIER'S WIFE" (Windsor).—Your landlord (dirty dog!) is trying to evade the order forbidding the raising of rent during the war. Carry on with the old stove rather than be wangled into paying a further 6d. per week.

"A SOLDIER'S SWEETHEART."—We see nothing very terrible in your head foreman, a married man, asking the manageress to medically examine a single woman worker before giving her her clearance. If he had offered to do the job himself it would have been another story.

"SUCCESS" (Aldershot).—"The nearer to death, the poorer the pay." A useful reminder for strikers!

F. M. G. (Hyde Park, W.).—Why did you mark your letter "private"? There was not a word in it that might not have been bawled aloud in Seven Dials.

"ONE OF THE BOYS IN BLUE" (Ireland).—"You were insulted because you were conversing with ladies in Ballycotton." Enough to get your bally wool up.

"A READER" (Loyal N. Lancs) tells us that he won a gold wristlet watch in a whist drive while in hospital at Edmonton last April, but has not yet received it. Somebody seems to have played him a very dirty trick.

A. G. W. (Islington).—"He was filling his pipe near an Anti-Aircraft Station; they detained him on suspicion of photographing the gun. God help us!" Don't get excited; they were right. Ever heard of disguised cameras?

PRIVATE F. C. P. (Regular Army).—"The people of Llanfairfechan fairly split their sides when they read your candid epistle to the Chairman of the Council." Hope none of them split their never-mention-thems.

J. R. (Tavistock).—Sorry to hear of the unpunctuality of the County Court Judge. Perhaps his Honour had a side-slip on his way to business.

G. W. (Tottenham).—It certainly seems strange that a soldier driving a Government lorry should be allowed to charge a penny each for conveying munition-workers to the tramway terminus—unless, of course, he is a licensed profiteer.

"READER AT THE FRONT."—Sorry cannot give exact accommodation of the two football grounds, but you may take it that either of them would hold you and the missus—so that's all right.

JACK S. (Macclesfield).—"Please send me the £250 'Bullets' prize for to help pay my rent." Are you renting Buckingham Palace or have you mis-spelt your name?

"XXX" (Bourne End).—Your dream of haymaking while the sun shines is probably a warning to you to say yes when "he" pops the question.

C. C. H. (B.E.F.).—Thanks for compliments. If they give medals for cursing, we hope you will get one.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

£100 SCHOLARSHIP
For British Boys and Girls

FREE EDUCATION at UNIVERSITY or ABROAD.

NO ENTRANCE FEES.

IN order to induce every British boy and girl to take up the study of Dutton's Shorthand, the proprietors of Dutton's National Business College are offering a £100 Scholarship to the boy or girl born not earlier than June 30th, 1900 (*i.e.*, not more than seventeen years of age on June 29th, 1918) who reaches the highest speed in Dutton's Shortland by June 29th, 1918. There are no entrance fees. A preliminary examination will be held locally in every town and city of not less than 5,000 inhabitants on Saturday, June 29th, 1918, under the supervision of a member of the local Education Committee or other responsible person. The five candidates attaining the highest speed at the preliminary examinations will be required to sit at a final examination at Dutton's Business College, 92 and 93, Great Russell Street, London, W.C., during the month of July, 1918. The £100 Scholarship will be awarded to the candidate obtaining the highest number of marks at that final examination. The return railway fare will be allowed to the four unsuccessful candidates.

How the £100 May be Utilised.

The winner of the Scholarship will be given the option of:—

(1) A three years' course in any selected subject, at any British University (Oxford and Cambridge excepted). Candidates taking this course will be able to sit for Scholarships, Prizes, Degrees, offered by the University attended.

(2) A course of instruction in France, Spain, Russia, or Italy, for the purpose of acquiring the native language.

(3) Utilising the £100 as whole or part premium necessary to become articled or apprenticed to the legal, engineering, or any other profession or vocation.

(4) A course of instruction to the value of £100 necessary to enable the candidate to sit for higher Civil Service, Wireless Telegraphy, Musical, Accountancy, Banking, or other examinations.

Sir William Bull, M.P., on Shorthand.

Sir William Bull, M.P., a well-known City solicitor, recently said: "A perfect knowledge of shorthand is worth £500 capital to any young man or to any young woman of the present day. I learnt shorthand at sixteen years of age, and have found it useful ever since."

£25 for Teachers.

A special award of £25 will be made to the teacher of the successful candidate. Both the Scholarship and the Teacher's Prize will be awarded annually. Parents of young people attending schools or institutes where the Dutton system has not yet been introduced are invited to send the address of the Principal to the author of Dutton's Shorthand, so that the necessary arrangements may be made at once for a class to be formed.

Only Six Rules.

The Dutton Shorthand system consists of twenty-nine characters, and there are six abbreviating rules only. Every boy, girl, man, and woman of average intelligence can thoroughly master the theory in twenty-four hours.

The First Lesson.

The following lesson displays the wonderful simplicity of the system.

Try your hand at the following simple 30-minute lesson:—

F), K —, L ⌒, M ⌢, P /, R (up) /, T ⌣,

A as in "tape" is represented by a small circle , while short "e" as in "let" is always omitted.

In Shorthand the SOUNDS OF WORDS are written, no notice being taken of the longhand spelling. Thus, *take* would be represented by the sounds for t, a, k; *boat*, by b, o, t. The circle vowel "a" is written inside curves, but when an angle is caused by the joining of two strokes, the circle is written *outside* the angle, thus:

fail , rake , pair , male .

RULE 1.

R is added to any stroke doubled in length, as

pay , pray , fail , frail , frailer

Now try the following exercise:—

Lake, l, a, k. later, l, a, tr.
Take, t, a, k. prefer, pr, fr.
Fair, f, a, r. maker, m, a, kr.
Tray, tr, a. perpetrate, pr, p, tr, a, t.
Frame, fr, a, m.

Now see if you are already capable of writing sentences. *Th* is denoted by the *t* stroke; *a* by a dot.

1. The frail mare fell lame.
2. Kate may make a cake.
3. The paper came late.
4. The trailer may take the freight.

KEY.

1. .
2. .

Why Waste Months?

Dutton Shorthand is accepted in all Government, Railway, and Insurance offices. Shorthand clerks are wanted everywhere; 250 women clerks are wanted every week in France. Why commit yourself to several months' hard labour with an Early Victorian system when with the modern Dutton Shorthand you can obtain a speed of from 120 words per minute upwards in a few weeks?

Dutton Shorthand at L.C.C. Institutes.

Dutton Shorthand Classes will be held at several of the London County Council Commercial Institutes during the coming winter, and a list will be forwarded on application. Students attending these classes will, of course, be eligible to enter the Scholarship examination. At the 1917 National Union of Teachers' examinations 84 per cent. of the Dutton writers passed as compared with an average of 67.00 of writers of other systems at the Royal Society of Arts examinations from 1911 to 1916.

SEND TO-DAY!

A comparison of the system with the Pitman, Sloan-Duployan, and Gregg methods, particulars of the £100 Scholarship, of the Day and Evening Classes conducted at the London Branch, 92 and 93, Great Russell Street, W.C. 1 (four doors west of the British Museum), and of the special POSTAL Course of Tuition will be forwarded to every reader sending stamp to Dutton's Business College (Room J.), Skegness.

'BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE £250

2nd PRIZE £25 | **3rd PRIZE £10**

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2:10/-	50 PRIZES OF 10/-	400 PRIZES OF 5/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	3,000 SPECIAL TARGET PRIZES

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."—First choose any of the 32 examples given below. Then give TWO, THREE or FOUR words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any ONE of the words selected must begin with ANY letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These examples will guide you:—Example:—Can't DO Without. Bullet:—Our Women Workers. Example:—Hiding The Truth. Bullet:—Father When Home Late. Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated October 13th. This week's "Bullets" Coupon will also be found in Everywoman's dated September 22nd.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 255.

GENERAL KORNILOFF
GERMANY DREADS
DEALING WITH BUTCHER
SOLD OUT
WILLY AND NICKY
VISITING UNCLE
JACK'S THE BOY
OUR COOK
FOOD FOR THOUGHT
WINNING HAND
DEBT OF HONOUR
CALLING FOR SPECIAL
PEACE TRAPS
REJECTED
UPSIDE DOWN
FOR THE DURATION
BETTER OFF
MY WIFE'S RELATIONS
THINKING HARD
MOST PROMISING WHEN
MAKES FATHER TALK
VERY CLOSE
HIDING THE TRUTH
IN THE GARDEN
TOMMY'S LETTER
TALKING THROUGH HAT
IN WRONG BOX
CUSHY JOB
I DON'T LIKE
TELEPHONE GIRL
CAN'T DO WITHOUT
THE KAISER HOPES

Closing Date, Thursday, September 27th.

No._____
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(255) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 1 coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed _____
Address _____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 255, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.
Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

Closing Date, Thursday, September 27th.

No._____
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(255) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, September 27th.

No._____
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(255) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

Signed _____
Address _____

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for Next Week's "Bullets" Competition No. 256. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11th. Please note that all coupons so used MUST be clearly marked with the number 255 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons MUST be addressed "Bullets" No. 256, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Such coupons MUST NOT contain any of the Thirty-two Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 256.

When Germany Tumbles
War Spoils
What Bottomley Says
At Donnington Hall
Housemaid's Knee
When Pacifists Meet
Without Beer
No Laughing Matter
What Tommy Likes
Wholesale Robbery
Takes the Biscuit
Shocking Miss
What Women Wear
When Baby Cries
Father's Excuse
Plot That Failed
Makes Sergeant Swear
Ramsay's Seat
Pleases the Profiteers
The Kaiser's Conscience

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All three coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to _____ and crossed _____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be dealt in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

RESULT OF 252nd 'BULLETS' COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. FRED A. GOWDERY,
Leagrave Marsh,
near Luton.

Example:—Out For Glory.
Bullet:—Tommy's Wages Prove It.

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. HERBERT HULSE,
Recruiting Office,
Northwich.

Example:—Lord Haldane.
Bullet:—An "Eminently" Foolish Person.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. H. D. GALLAGHER,
29, Holly Road,
Ellesmere Port.

Example:—The Labour Party.
Bullet:—Demands More "Blunt" Recently.
(Send in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Mr. H. Parris, 33, Victoria Road, Bexley, S.E.:
Without Conscience—We'd Have Won Now.
Mrs. M. Ferris, "Killarney," Chalford Hill, Stroud, Glos.
Ramsay Regrets—Nobody Minds His "Agitation."
Mr. F. Clews, 62, High Street, Evesham, Worcestershire:
Going For A Soldier—Sometimes Half Her Allowance.
Mr. Byron Marrison, 9, Buckton Road, Cemetery Road, Leeds:
Breach Of Promise—She "Values" His Letters.
Mr. R. A. Hawkey, West Rype, Lydd, Kent:
Going For A Soldier—Difficult "Running Home" Afterwards.
Mr. W. W. Miell, 95, Smyrks Road, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.:
Breach Of Promise—Mustn't Happen To Labour.
Mr. A. Royns, 8, Denton Street, Heywood:
Needs Increasing—Sermon's Depth Not Length.
Mrs. S. Nichols, 91, Talbot Road, Southsea, Hants:
Peace And Plenty—Hope Americans Bring Both.
Spr. N. E. M. Guinness, R.E., 35, St. Paul's Road, Kennington, London, S.E.:
Slacking—"Good Long Stretch" Needed.
Mr. Noel Brown, 23, Wellington Street, Nottingham:
Raid Results—Guessing Competition Government Allows.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mr. L. Flood, 3, East Park Road, Leicester:
Pretty Busy—Tommy's Pension "Keeps Him."
Mr. J. T. Cross, 96, Northumberland Avenue, Hull:
The Unexpected—"Order" Applies To Ireland.
Mr. H. E. L. Walker, 54, Gayhurst Road, Dalston:
Needs Increasing—Population, To Supply Officials.
Mr. Charles Quinn, 8, Tram Top, Donny Brook, Dublin:
Charming Girl—We Welcome "In Chorus."
Sergt. W. C. Cadman, Central Flying School, Upavon Wilts:
Turning Her Head—Her First Kiss Evidently.
Mr. T. B. Richardson, 13, Hunter Street, Sacriston, Durham:
Peace And Plenty—Of Indemnities—Enemy Dreads.
(Sent in on a Free Target Prize Coupon.)
Mr. Howard James, 95, Belgrave Road, Birmingham:
When Wife's Silent—Hubby "Looks Over" Newspaper.
Mr. J. A. M. Dennison, 26, Teviotdale Place, Edinburgh:
Mighty Deep—Party Hatchet Isn't Buried.
Mr. W. Mathers, 2, All Souls Place, Regent Street, London, W.:
Bad Business—Before Advertising "Adults Only."
Pte. D. Jones, Sandhill House, Pembury, Kent:
When Wife's Silent—Risky Offering Her Penny.

Complete List of All Cash and other Prize Winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

PLAN YOUR HOLIDAY FOR NORBRECK

Ten minutes Coast ride from Blackpool, where you can reap the benefit of the invigorating Westerly Breezes to the full. Here where you can plan your holiday to suit yourself without a dull moment intervening. The Hydro has half a mile of sea-shore in its own grounds; 350 Bedrooms, Hot and Cold Water in each, Electric Lifts, Small Tables in Dining Hall to seat 500, Musical Dinner, Tennis (13 courts), Bowling, Croquet, Clock Golf, Whist Drives, Concerts, Dances, Cinematograph in the evenings. All these included in Tariff. Golf in own grounds. Three Billiard Tables. Splendid Bathing. Motor garage. Luggage free on cars from station to Hydro.

Write NOW for Tariff and Hydro Journal to:—
J. H. Shorrocks, Norbreck Hydro, Near Blackpool.

Dainty Footwear is made most attractive by

PATON'S
Boot and Shoe
LACES

Numbers of the finest mercerised threads go to the making of a single Paton Lace, so that they give the longest wear. The colours are constant, consequently the laces never look shabby, and their strong feature is the fast tab. Remember the appearance of many a good boot is spoilt by a poor lace.

Don't be content to accept any lace that is offered you. Each pair of Paton's Laces is banded with the name so that you may know them.

Boot laces for ladies' and gent's wear 2d. and 3d. per pair.
Shoe laces (flat and tubular) for ladies' and gent's wear 3d. per pair.
Leather laces for gent's wear 6d. and 9d. per pair.

British made throughout.

Your own boot dealer can supply you if you insist upon PATON'S.

WM. PATON, Ltd., Johnstone, Scotland.

L 24

GRAVES
OF SHEFFIELD

Write for Catalogue of beauty priced Staffordshire Tableware, Ladies' and Children's Wear, Workers' Clothing, Footwear, Sheffield Cutlery, Sewing Machines, Prams, Cycles, Tyres, Linen, Carpets. Patterns post free of Suits, Costumes, Raincoats, Mackintoshes, Robes, Dress Materials, Household Drapery, etc. J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

EASY TERMS

Nerve Strain and Indigestion

Speedy Cure by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Mr. Lord.

Mr. Frank Lord, 93, Stretford Road, Manchester, the well-known professional violinist, says:—"Some years ago I had a bad nervous breakdown of which Dr. Cassell's Tablets cured me, and I think it only right to tell others. I was in an extremely low, weak condition. My digestion was all upset, everything I ate caused me pain, and I was rarely free from headache. Sleeplessness was another trouble, and I became terribly depressed. In other words I had neurasthenia just as badly as anyone could have it. Ordinary treatment did no good at all, but at last I am thankful to say I got Dr Cassell's Tablets, and that was the beginning of the cure. My digestion improved and I gained strength. Best of all I could sleep and my nerves grew steady again. In the end I was completely cured."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

FREE FROM IRON. DO NOT CONSTIPATE.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are Nutritive, Restorative, Alterative, Anti Spasmodic, and the safest and most effective home treatment for:—

Nervous Breakdown	Nervous Debility	Indigestion	Palpitation
Nerve Paralysis	Sleeplessness	Stomach Disorder	Premature Decay
Spinal Weakness	Anæmia	Mal-Nutrition	Loss of Flesh
Infantile Paralysis	Kidney Trouble	Wasting Diseases	Brain Fag

Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and during the Critical Periods of Life

Sold by Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world, including leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa and India.

Prices: 1s., 1s. 3d., *and* 3s.—*the* 3s. *size being the most economical.*

FREE INFORMATION.

If you want to have further information relative to the suitability of Dr. Cassell's Tablets in your case, free of all charge, write to the Manager, Dept. C, Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Chester Road, Manchester.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified dates*, bearing ON THE COVER any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following has sent in a correct claim:—

Fpl. A. HOWARD, 92351, "Instructor," s.c. Mechanical School, Tank Corps, B.E.F. Aug. 11th. No. 390,643

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of September 15th:—

025,705	300,450	596,611	879,202	A251,410
048,926	342,324	598,893	943,659	A285,107
096,615	378,107	604,200	995,702	A289,244
113,257	435,598	625,711	A613,420	A346,225
147,450	457,473	662,788	A027,806	A394,688
180,342	476,892	679,445	A066,105	A425,709
215,107	483,390	731,157	A145,971	A472,464
239,598	526,405	754,284	A168,230	A527,150
264,473	547,550	817,642	A174,006	A542,879
299,892	593,695	859,108	A236,790	A554,473

The A prefix indicates that it is plus a million.

The fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published Sept. 26th)

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of 'JOHN BULL' for Sept. 15, 1917, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 169,468 and A494,002. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

JOHN BULL'S
GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE.

We are giving absolutely **FREE OF CHARGE**, an Insurance against ZEPPELIN and all other AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, or BLOCKADE. Anyone can be insured, irrespective of sex or age, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person.

Remember, the Ordinary Fire and Accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

The full conditions governing this scheme will appear in JOHN BULL *from time to time.*

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any registered reader (man, woman or child) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named.	£200
For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb	£200
For the loss of one limb or one eye.	£100
Per week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks.	£3
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

ORDER FORM.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENTS.

To..... Newsagent.

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address.....

September 22, 1917.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded in acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM.

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent, of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee.....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address of home .....

.....

September 22, 1917

Sell your

WASTE PAPER

to

PHILLIPS, MILLS & CO., LTD.,

BRIDGE WHARF, BATTERSEA, S.W.11.

VANS COLLECT DAILY.

PRICE LIST ON APPLICATION.

Telephone: 2270 Battersea (4 lines).

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

Quickly Relieves Chronic Cough And Frees The Breathing In Asthma

The curative power of Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is never more strikingly shown than in those hard, deep-seated coughs and wheezings from which so many old folks suffer. Veno's soothes at once, loosens the phlegm and relieves the breathing; and as it contains no narcotics it may be taken freely during attack. Prove its efficacy to-day for yourself. Your nearest Chemist will supply.

Prices 11½d., 1/3, and 3/- per Bottle.

A Word to the Wise.—Don't waste money on substitutes. If they were as good as Veno's Lightning Cough Cure they would sell on their merits, and not as substitutes. That is obvious.

The VENO DRUG Co., Ltd., Veno Bdgs., Manchester.

Costly Fish.

Summer "Skippers" which before the war cost 3s. 6d. per measure now cost 15s. for the same amount.

We have met the extra cost by reducing our profits and somewhat increasing the price. But the increase in the price of "Skippers," it will easily be seen, is very slight in proportion to the greatly advanced price of the uncooked fish.

"Skippers" are therefore still splendid value for money, and their high nourishing power entitles them to be *a staple war Food.*

Keep smiling! There's always 'Skippers

"Skippers"

ANGUS WATSON & CO.,
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

PLAYER'S

"COUNTRY LIFE" Cigarettes

(MEDIUM STRENGTH)

Pure Virginia Tobacco

10 for 4d. 50 for 1/7½d.

These Cigarettes are also supplied at Duty Free rates for the purpose of gratuitous distribution to wounded Soldiers and Sailors in Hospital.

Terms and particulars on application to:

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham. P700

Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

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All Editorial Communications must be addressed to the Editor at 93, Long Acre, W.C.2, and applications for Advertisement Space in "John Bull" must be made to Messrs. ODHAMS LIMITED (Advertisement Department), 93-94, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Telephone: Gerrard 9870 (seven lines).